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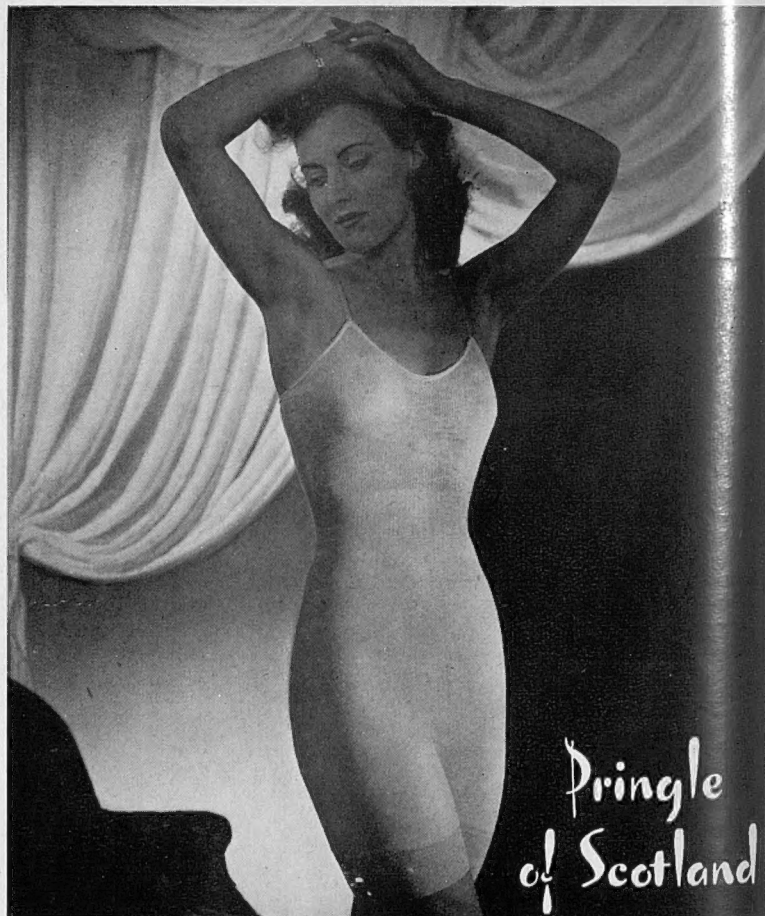
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Swabe

VISCOUNTESS CURZON AND HER DAUGHTER

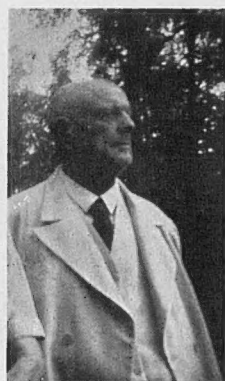
Viscountess Curzon, who is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Wakeling and the late Mr. S. F. Wakeling of Durban, South Africa, married Viscount Curzon last year. Their daughter, the Hon. Mary Gaye Georgiana Lorna Curzon, was born in February. They live at Penn House, Amersham. Viscount Curzon, who is a Lt.-Cmdr. in the R.N.V.R., is the son and heir of Earl Howe, and was a godson of King Edward VII. He represented South Battersea on the L.C.C. until 1946, and is President of the Royal Dental Hospital



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Sean Fielding



Jan Sibelius, the eighty-two-year-old Finnish composer

IT is well known that the ancient game of Twisting the Lion's Tail is particularly beloved by most citizens of the United States of America. Other nations have also much enjoyed this ever-fresh frolic, although they have not, perhaps, taken such an abiding, deep and thorough-going interest in it as the Americans.

Hitherto, the Lion has not complained unduly. It seemed enough to give an occasional warning growl when the irritation was too long sustained; further action was rarely called for. However, all good things (regrettably) come to an end, and it must now be stated that the Lion is tired of the grand old game and will be much obliged if the players will kindly retire to the sidelines and address themselves to pursuits that will help instead of hurting. They should understand that times have changed somewhat, that the tuft on the tail has grown very, very thin—as has the temper of the old beast.

* * *

THIS is not at all to say that we have become over-sensitive to criticism or that we are unaware of the benefits we have received at the hands of the United States. We do not even mind (very much) Dr. Harold van Thaden, an American industrial expert, coming over here and declaring that our economy is suffering from "horse and buggy methods," and that our best way out of the difficulties in which we now find ourselves is to ship over American engineers and businessmen and place them in key positions.

What we do profoundly object to is being blandly written off as a set of down-at-heel debtors whose slothful and impecunious ways have brought them to a poorhouse from which escape is not desired. This is simply not the truth. For doubters, within and without this country, I recommend a visit to the Engineering and Marine Exhibition which is currently at Olympia and which, to date, buyers from seventy-two countries have attended with satisfaction. Horses and buggies are not on view; but the finest engines and machinery in the world may there be seen.

At Edinburgh

IT was a tremendous joy to revisit Scotland's loveliest city and to share in the Festival. Did any of the thousands of Americans there present see any signs of decadence as they

walked down Princes Street and were greeted with such genuine pleasure? Did they not think, looking at those solid buildings, at the broad sweep of that magnificent highway, at the brooding castle now bathed in the warm sunlight, that perhaps their fears had been somewhat overdone? Is our way of life really so shabby and hopeless when set against that of the American Century? Might not the violin retain as sweet a note as the trumpet?

News of Sibelius

I HAVE received a most interesting account, from Mr. Victor Michelson, of a visit he and his wife paid to Jan Sibelius, who, at eighty-two, is still composing. The pair went to the master's villa just north of Helsinki where he told them that he does not care to disclose anything about a new work before it is finished: "In the uncompleted state it is like a butterfly's wings before they are touched. Discussion of it dulls the composer's ability to give it its final quality. One must 'live' a symphony, you know; it emerges from the intuition."

We found (writes Mr. Michelson) the composer at his villa, an eight-room wooden structure of typical Finnish architecture, which he had built forty years ago and which he has not left, even for a trip to Helsinki, for twenty years. It is situated at the summit of a hill of pines, with its front near the edge of a wood and the back overlooking an island-dotted lake. Here he lives with his wife, a devoted follower of Brahms, and a maid.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"If I may be permitted the expression, m'lord, that sure is one helluva suit"

His wife constantly serves to assist and inspire him. Both are in good health. The only sign of the composer's advanced age is a trembling in his hands, but he does not wear glasses and looks remarkably fit for his years.

Sibelius works in a study on the first floor of his home with windows offering a view of the lake. Adjoining his study is a library heavy with volumes in French, German, and English. Sibelius speaks German, French, English, and Swedish, besides his native Finnish. When he is not at work or reading, he tunes in his radio with which he is able to hear programmes the world over. Nevertheless, he is quite unaware of the great popularity his music has achieved in the past ten years. He was surprised to hear that Sibelius concerts draw overflow crowds in Britain. The composer is the father of five daughters, all wed to well-to-do Finns; one of his sons-in-law is president of the Bank of Finland.

While German and Russian armies have occupied Finland, neither of the forces have disturbed him. In fact, while an anti-Russian atmosphere distinctly permeates Finland, the conductors of the Leningrad and Moscow orchestras are among his visitors. Basil Cameron, incidentally, was among his recent guests.

Sibelius has not published any music since his favourite work, the Seventh Symphony, appeared in 1927. He does not think much of "Finlandia," saying he wrote it only for a national occasion and was surprised to learn it has wide popularity.

Discussing conductors of his music, Sibelius placed Sir Thomas Beecham at the head of his list. He also is fond of the interpretations of John Barbirolli and Dobrovina. He had a personal message for Sir Thomas: "Tell him," he said, "that I always love my music best when played by him." Among the violinists, he regards Ginette Neveu's interpretations of his violin compositions first. He considers her as having "more feeling" in her playing than any other violinist. He likes Clifford Curzon and Myra Hess best of British pianists. As a finishing question to this interlude he was asked: "Who is your favourite composer?" His reply was swift and sure, "Sibelius."

Ah, Memory . . .

MY Good Neighbour Redgrave at Walton-on-Thames will, on occasions, peer over his fence and address my bent and labouring back thus: "Ah, my dear chap, you are certainly death on weeds."

Now, I cannot wholly sustain this reputation, as a glance at the garden paths will show; but, friends, if I am not altogether and inevitably sudden death on weeds, I must be allowed death on dates—which is to say, anniversaries, and eighteenth-century anni-

versaries for preference, if it please you. They fascinate me and I collect them as avidly as do small boys collect steam engine numbers at every railway station throughout the land.

Let, for example, Mr. Lewis Gibbs* write (as he recently has done) a book on Poor Sherry—otherwise Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose mortal dust lies in Westminster Abbey—let him do that, and the collector's instinct gives a view-hollo! and we are off on the chase with the light of battle gleaming as nobly in the eye as the Malta sun upon a Crusader's sword. The study door is shut with that decisive bang which is enough to tell the household that its prime consideration is Not To Disturb The Master. This, then, is the moment. The rows of books stare down from the shelves, inviting, enticing, muted yet vocal, asking to be taken up and warmed with hands that know their fine pages so well. The eye roves along them while the lips are pursed and the forehead creased; slipped feet pad lightly past them, hesitate, move on, then halt. A hand is raised, and amid the soft hissings of disapproval from all the others, one volume is withdrawn.

Poor Sherry. Ah, now, let us see. This article is due to appear in THE TATLER on September 10th. Sheridan . . . Sheridan . . . Sheridan's father . . . his grandfather. Triumph, my masters!

Tactless Parson

ON September, 10, 1738, Dr. Thomas Sheridan was sitting, after dinner, in the house of a friend. The conversation happening to turn on the force and direction of the wind, Sheridan said: "Let the wind blow east, west, north, or south, the immortal soul will take its flight to the destined point," and leaning back in his chair, instantly expired.

Dr. Sheridan was the intimate friend and choice companion of Jonathan Swift; He was also the father of "Manager Tom" as his son was termed in Ireland, and the grandfather of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was born in the county of Cavan, about 1684, and, having completed his education at Trinity College, set up a classical school in Dublin. Entering into orders he received the degree of D.D., and was appointed to a church-living in the south of Ireland, but by a singular act of inadvertency he lost all chance of further preferment by preaching a sermon on the anniversary of George I's birthday, from the text: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereon." On this becoming known he was struck off the list of the Lord Lieutenant's chaplains; parents hastened to take their children from his school; and, in short, as Swift said: "He had killed his own fortune by a chance shot from an unlucky text."

No reverse of fortune, however, could damp or discourage the high spirits of Dr. Sheridan. Such, it is said, was his perpetual glow of ready wit and humour, that it was impossible for the most splenetic man to be unhappy in his company.

When Swift, in a morbid state of disappointment, was condemned to live, as he considered it, an exile in Ireland, the companionship of Sheridan formed the great solace of his life. For one whole year they carried on a daily correspondence, and, according to previous stipulation each letter was the unpremeditated effusion of five minutes' writing. Some of the nonsense thus composed is preserved in Swift's miscellaneous works, though the greater part have fallen into merited oblivion.

Dr. Sheridan was an excellent classical scholar, and wrote a prose translation of *Persius*, which was published after his death. Though indolent, good natured, careless, and not particularly strict in his own conduct, he took good care of the morals of his scholars who

were sent to the University well-grounded in classical law, and not ill-instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and cheerful, knowing books better than men, and totally ignorant of the value of money. Ill-starred, improvident, but not unhappy, he was a fiddler, punster, quibbler and wit; and his pen and fiddle stick were in continual motion. He was, indeed, an Irish gentleman.

Passed To You

It appears that there is some dispute about the right of men who were in the famous Pathfinder Force during the war to wear their distinguishing badge, which takes the form of an eagle in silver. There doubtless are rights and wrongs in this, as in all other matters, but I mention it to draw attention to a singular fact: whilst the war was on hundreds of thousands of men were entitled—and indeed urged—to wear chevrons indicative of their length of service. Few, very few, ever bothered to do so. Why? Furthermore, every man who served in His Majesty's Armed

Forces is today entitled to wear, with his civilian clothes, an emblem making it clear to one and all that he is an ex-Serviceman. Few, very few, bother to do so; why?

It would not be true to say that the British are not given to burdening themselves with such trinkets; in this they are as susceptible as the next man. (Think only of the regimental flashes, the divisional flashes, the corps signs and army signs, plus the various pieces of embroidery for arms of service and technicians and what-have-you.)

Nor would it be true to say that we dislike wearing bits of metal in the lapels of our blue-serge suits; five minutes' observation in any crowded street will provide a collector's museum.

What then, is the answer to (a) chevrons, and (b) ex-Servicemen's emblems?

Tailpiece

FRANÇOISE ROSAY: "The trouble with so many young actresses today is that they read—and believe—their own publicity."



Omar, Edinburgh

OPENING THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

The Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer, heading the Magistrates and Council of the City of Edinburgh after the service at St. Giles's Cathedral, which opened the International Festival of Music and Drama. The Festival has been an immense success in every way, and has established Edinburgh more firmly than ever as a European centre. An account of it by Jennifer will be found in this week's Social Journal

* "Sheridan" by Lewis Gibbs (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.)



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Crime of Margaret Foley (Comedy). Irish melodrama with strong performances from Terence de Marney, Kathleen O'Regan and Arthur Sinclair.

The Linden Tree (Duchess). The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley and brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, and their supporting cast.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley. Brilliant acting from part-author Morley with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Dr. Angelus (Phoenix). By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

Fly Away Peter (St. James's). J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

Noose (Saville). Charles Goldner, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full speed melodrama.

Life With Father (Savoy). The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

Separate Rooms (Strand). Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold. Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). In which a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



A Warm Welcome is extended to the Labour peer (Tom Macaulay), by the Countess of Lister (Marjorie Fielding) and Lady Caroline Smith (Edith Savile), who hang on his words

At the

"The Chiltern Hundreds"

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Beecham, the Butler (Michael Shepley) though headed for electoral triumph, still keeps an eye on pantry duties

MR. DOUGLAS HOME's methods are happy-go-lucky, but he is inspired by high spirits, as though in putting together this extravaganza of inconvenienced aristocracy and politics in a country house setting he were also perpetrating a private joke, and the result is extremely entertaining. It is his good fortune—and ours—that Mr. A. E. Matthews, one of the oldest and surest exponents of polite comedy, was on hand to play the peer whose refusal to understand what is going on about him gives a sort of point and character to all that does go on.

The ancient house standing in the heart of good electioneering country speedily develops a more authentic Wodehouse atmosphere than ever Mr. Wodehouse himself has been able to bring to the stage. There are differences, but they scarcely matter. Blandings Castle becomes Lister Castle, and the pottering old peer who owns it (Mr. Matthews) is obsessed, not with pigs, but with rabbits. His only serious reading is MacAngus on Rabbits (from the Ice Age to our own times), and now that the castle can no longer afford game-keepers, and the rabbits nibble the herbaceous border, he has always a gun beside him in the drawing-room.

Beecham, not Jeeves, is the butler, but he has Jeeves's ready command of the rotund phrase and can be referred to with confidence whenever there is question of how the family he serves should behave if they are to be worthy of their sires.

THE Earl and the butler are the only two characters who matter, but since they cannot live in a vacuum there is a plot, and one no less adaptable to the vagaries of temperament than any of Mr. Wodehouse's. Lord Lister's son is in love with an American heiress and with his mother's housemaid. He proposes to both; and which of them he marries is plainly a mere matter of narrative expediency. So unimportant is love in such extravaganzas that either woman might marry the butler; and one of them does. But without the love interest we could not be shown the delicious absurdity of the Earl and his butler; and that is justification enough for any amount of eccentric lovemaking.

Ostensibly the farce is about politics, and its moral is that party labels do not matter. Accordingly the Earl's son runs in 1945 as a



The Shifting Social Scene means nothing to the Earl of Lister (A. E. Matthews), who regards the engagement of his son (Peter Coke) to Bessy the maid (Diane Hart), as a matter of small account compared with rabbit shooting

Theatre

(Vaudeville)

Conservative while his mother votes Socialist and the butler votes Tory. As Lord Lieutenant the Earl takes no part in politics, and so exacting is the watch he keeps on the herbaceous border that he is only intermittently aware that an election is in progress. It is his duty to invite the victorious local candidate for the weekend, and when he turns out to be, not his son, but the Socialist, he is rather relieved. Dashed absurd to invite your own son for the weekend, especially as the castle is also his home.

But the victorious Socialist is almost immediately sent to the Lords, and the Earl's son decides to run at the by-election as a Socialist. However, he has overlooked his American fiancée. She has a truly republican belief in the sacredness of feudal causes, and she persuades the true-blue butler to contest the seat as a Tory. The butler wins. Reading between the lines, you will see clearly, I hope, why Lord Pym, twice defeated in what was once a family pocket borough, is driven to propose marriage to the housemaid.

THE political extravaganza receives a satisfying final twist (our hearts bleed for the unhappy electors), and the tail of the romantic plot is twisted so often that it begins to look like the tail of Lord Emsworth's pig, the Empress of Blandings, but these are, after all, only by-the-way diversions. What keeps the house in a constant ripple of laughter is something much simpler—the beautiful dovetailing of the Earl's potterings with the ponderosities of the butler. Mr. Matthews potters to perfection, and to watch him doing it is a sufficient reason for going to the theatre.

Mr. Michael Shepley is fully equal to the tremendous butler, and Miss Marjorie Fielding more than equal to the Countess—for the author discreetly leaves to the imagination that lady's major achievement in life, which is the running of a vast Border castle with a staff reduced to a political butler and an amorous housemaid. But if any woman could do it, and with perfect good grace, Miss Fielding convinces us that she is that woman.

The romantic puppets are competently played by Miss Diane Hart and Miss Leora Dana, and Mr. Peter Coke is, amiably, the candidate whose never-say-die character is held to be of greater value to the country than any party principle.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



June Farrell (Leora Dana), the American girl whose charm for Lord Pym is outweighed by her orthodox political views

BACKSTAGE



THERE will be little breathing space for Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (or, to drop the formality, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh) when they finish filming in *Hamlet* and *Anna Karenina* at the end of October. First Sir Laurence has to edit his picture; then they go into rehearsal for their tour of Australia and New Zealand with an Old Vic company.

They set out in January with a nicely varied repertoire—*Richard III*, *The Skin of Our Teeth* (the Thornton Wilder play in which Vivien Leigh gave such an enchanting performance at the Phoenix Theatre two years ago) and *School for Scandal*.

They are due home in October next year. Their plans after that are fluid, but there are good hopes of seeing Sir Laurence back among his Old Vic colleagues at the New Theatre.

TOM WALLS has been doing so well on the screen as a serious character actor that it began to look as if the theatre had lost him for good. Certainly he has turned his back on farce—"It's high time I stopped ogling young girls on the stage," he says—but he is now considering the straight part of a K.C. in a play of his own.

At least, it is partly his own. Its title is *Not Without Cause* and he wrote it with Stafford Dickens, the actor-author who collaborated with him in his last London play, *Why Not Tonight?* in 1942.

The new play may bring Walls and his son together on the stage for the first time. Tom Walls, junior, interrupted a promising film career to join the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war and became a fighter pilot. Since the war he has played in Bristol repertory and resumed his film work. He is determined to make his own way without trading on his father's fame and *Not Without Cause* has a part which should suit his particular light-comedy style.

ANOTHER comedian who, like Tom Walls, senior, has decided to go straight theatrically is George Robey. He makes the decision at seventy-eight by playing the small, serious part of Prime Minister in *Boomerang*, a new comedy by Archie Menzies, author of *The Astonished Ostrich* and several musical shows.

The play opens a tour at Harrow at the end of the month and will bring Mrs. Robey (Blanche Littler) back to the West End as its only woman manager. Her partner is Hubert Woodward, with whom she presented *She Wanted a Cream Front Door*.

Like her brothers, Prince and Emile, Blanche Littler was brought up on the business side of the theatre. Their father, F. R. Littler, owned the Kingsway and Ambassadors.

MAE WEST, who is on her way here to star in her own play, *Diamond Lil*, will find the Lord Chamberlain has treated it leniently. Looking through the censored script I noted only half a dozen one-line cuts and the play should in no way lose its punch thereby.

Diamond Lil is the story of New York's Bowery in the tough nineties and the cast of fifty presents an imposing pageant of gangsters, drug addicts, gigolos, political racketeers and legal sharks. It opens in Manchester next month and follows *Piccadilly Hayride* at the Prince of Wales Theatre in the New Year.

Tom Arnold presents it here, and William Mollison is the producer.

ONE by one the glamour girls of the musical stage are turning to what is still oddly known as the "legitimate" theatre. First we see Frances Day playing a non-singing role in *Separate Rooms* at the Strand; and now Phyllis Robins (another ash-blond with much the same bent for dragging blushing young men on to the stage to be sung at) follows suit.

She is touring, London-bound, in a stage version of *Jassy*, the Norah Lofts novel that recently became a Margaret Lockwood film. Ronald Gow wrote the play two years ago, but its production has been delayed by the film.

Beaumont Newhall

Freda Bruce Lockhart



Elizabeth Scott, who stars in the Technicolor film "Desert Fury" at the Plaza next week

At The Pictures

Growing Pains

"SEE a Good British Film" we are urged by the advertisements and by the franking on correspondence from the J. Arthur Rank Organization. For some time now it has been possible to contemplate, and even to endorse, that exhortation with a comfortable sense of pride. The excellence of a creditable number of grown-up British pictures—what Hollywood would call prestige pictures—and the still unfamiliar pleasure of seeing acceptable screen entertainment against a familiar background, have made most of us only too glad to see a good British film.

To deduce however, because some of the world's best films have lately been British that every British film is a good film is inverted logic, and unpleasantly misleading just now when we may be thrown on to our own resources for films as well as for more solemn things.

Henry V, Brief Encounter, Odd Man Out and a handful of other grown-up films no more make a flourishing and self-sufficient British film industry than the proverbial two swallows make a summer.

Mr. Rank, to give him his due, Mr. Coward, Mr. Lean, Mr. Carol Reed, Mr. Del Giudice, the Brothers Boulting, among other British filmmakers have gone one better than Hollywood in proving that prestige pictures can be popular and paying pictures if they are also good pictures.

Unhappily the cinema cannot live by prestige pictures alone: even if all producers were benevolent millionaires, even if popular taste were on the highest level, there would not be enough directors of quality to go round. But the prestige pictures set a standard which must be followed at not too great a distance by the lower flying commercial pictures which are our staple film fare.

THREE British films in the past three weeks suggest that the British cinema is by no means over its growing pains. *Jassy*, the *Master of Bankdam*, and now *Captain Boycott*, showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch Pavilion, have revived embarrassing memories of the pre-war British efforts we used to shun as "quota" films; and have aroused some uncomfortable misgivings for the future. Is the old ineptitude which gave British films a bad name to be given a new lease of life under Mr. Rank's overshadowing wing and to parade on West End screens in the borrowed plumage of the prestige pictures which have raised the whole status of British films?

Captain Boycott, latest of these three films, is

certainly the most original and lively. The story of the land agent whose organized ostracism by the Irish Land League in 1880 made history and coined a new word in almost every European language is natural film material. Irish atmosphere, with characters as picturesque as the settings ought to be, is still a rich vein for British producers and cameramen in their present exploration of our national and regional treasures. Co-producers Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat have, in previous films such as *Millions Like Us*, *Green for Danger* or *The Rake's Progress*, shown a topical wit, enthusiasm and the sureness of popular touch after which our screen comedies so often fumble.

IN *Captain Boycott*, Mr. Launder and Mr. Gilliat themselves seem to fumble and their enthusiasm to have cooled. Instead of the rich Irish comedy they gave us in *I See a Dark Stranger*, here are casual dabs of Irish atmosphere: a sprinkling of black Irish eyes and accents; a delightfully dilatory postman driving through the hills; a shot or two of a distant lough. None of the white cottages looks lived in, though perhaps that is not surprising since most of their tenants are only waiting to be evicted by Captain Boycott for non-payment of rent, when the cottage doors will be battered down by a Heath Robinson kind of ram, whether or no the doorway is barricaded with furniture inside.

Plot is as cursorily treated as background. Ostracism by the Irish must have been a very subtle weapon. But the authentic historical anecdote has been overlooked in favour of making Captain Boycott the target of a trite tract for our times: the one about a Wicked—or at least a criminally stupid—Landlord, Enemy of the (Irish) People, outwitted by the simple peasants he tries to exploit.

Infected perhaps by Irish inconsequence, the producers have not troubled to concentrate on any one thread of their promising material or to integrate any of its patterns. Their patchwork is not without bright spots. But for me it was rendered hideous—and ominous—by an old besetting sin of English pictures which I thought had been outgrown: the amateur touch which gives a picture the familiar facetious archness, the maddening habit of sniggering at its own jokes, approaching its characters tongue in cheek and being wise after the event.

IF the cottages look unlived in, the characters look unloved. The producers give the impression of having got together a handful of popular British players and cast them almost at random among the Irish small-part actors whose flashes of authentic hatred find no mark in the general charade atmosphere.

Script and direction give even so good an actor

as Cecil Parker no chance to suggest whether the original Boycott was a villain, a nitwit, or just a poor harassed fellow trying to do his job in adverse circumstances. But if Boycott was intended to be nothing but an Aunt Sally for the peasantry, he belongs to a different category of film, to a farce or to a witty Anglo-Irish satire.

So do the far-from-sly anachronistic digs at *The Times*. A declaration of confidence in Boycott's cause by a pair of clubchair Blimps, because *The Times* printed a letter from one of them, is frightfully funny to twentieth century London journalists—and perhaps to a handful outside Press and politics. But in a straight period film depending on illusion such a pantomime joke is a gaffe. Part of the same gaffe is Ian Fleming's silk-hatted, silk-whiskered *Times* correspondent making a kidgloved *Times* leader arrival in County Mayo to cover the original boycotting of Captain Boycott.

As for Mr. Alastair Sim's parish priest, he reminded me irresistibly of *Charley's Aunt*. Not that Mr. Sim plays the stout-hearted priest with anything but decorum. But he has been too often type-cast to be anything but a clown; and his unmistakably Anglican intonation (even with Scots inflection) could pass more easily for a cleric of any other denomination than for a Catholic priest. When I forgot about *Charley's Aunt* he made me think of W. G. Fay's beautiful performance of a similar but subtler character in *Odd Man Out*.

No illusion could survive Mr. Sim's "unctimonious" caricature, based on Barsetshire rather than on St. Patrick's Ireland.

It is a compliment, however backhanded, to Mr. Stewart Granger to say that the presence of this English Robert Taylor need hardly be noticed among the Irish peasants he leads to listen to Parnell. His romance with Miss Kathleen Ryan—fresh from her triumph, as they say, in *Odd Man Out*, and looking a little bewildered in this different company—is also mercifully as unobtrusive as Mr. Granger's discreet shot at, not indeed a brogue but a decent neutral accent which need offend nobody.

SUDDENLY the film comes to life for about three minutes, while guest-star Robert Donat takes command as Parnell. Mr. Donat sums up the drama the whole film fails to convey, as he expounds Parnell's policy of boycott before it acquired its victim and its name. How does Mr. Donat do that in three minutes? By introducing personality, sincerity and professional skill in too concentrated a form to be watered down. And of course Parnell's words are an improvement on those provided for the script by Messrs. Frank Launder and Wolfgang Wilhelm (screen play), Paul Vincent Carroll and Patrick Campbell (additional dialogue) and by Philip Rooney, if any of his survived from the original novel.

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH

Twenty-four-year-old Richard Attenborough was born at Cambridge and educated at Leicester, after which he studied at the R.A.D.A., becoming Bancroft Medallist in 1942. His first West End appearance was at the Arts Theatre in that year when he played Richard Berger in *Awake and Sing*. In 1943 his performance as the boy gangster Pinkie Brown in the stage version of Graham Greene's novel, *Brighton Rock*, at the Garrick brought him widespread notice. Shortly afterwards he joined the R.A.F., where he did much good work with the Film Unit. He is now taking his original stage part in the film of *Brighton Rock* and is seen here as the terrified Pinkie, overtaken by a Nemesis which he cannot understand. His next two films will be *The Guinea Pig* and *London Belongs to Me*. He is married to Sheila Sim, the actress, and lives in Chelsea.



George Bilainkin

AT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

LAUGHTER hovers about the deep-set, dark-brown, watchful eyes, but they are restless. Belligerent, greying, rich locks threaten to wave over the sharply chiselled, tightly-drawn face. There is laughter, too, about the strong, judicially level lips, but they also are not at ease.

Written foremost on the expression are suffering and weariness. Yet His Excellency is one of the few people in the world who has waited a quarter of a century and seen his distant dream, a free India, come true in his prime.

To-day, at fifty, Mr. Vengali Krishna Menon is the first, newly-appointed Ambassador of the two to three hundred million adherents, present and future, of the Dominion of India, but since this giant State is part of our Commonwealth, his technically official status is that of High Commissioner. Though not accredited to the Court of St. James's, Krishna Menon has almost all the privileges of a foreign ambassador, communicates his dispatches by cypher or code telegrams, by special couriers, is head of a staff of nearly 800, and enjoys access to the notable personages in the land.

THE new Menon setting in the Aldwych is a change from the old. The panelled study in palatial India House, with ante-rooms, secretaries' cosy offices and restful library, comes after years in a modest bed-sitting room in St. Pancras. And Menon is sadly thinking of resigning his seat on the Borough Council there, which he first won in 1934.

Speaking of the contrasts, Menon says "I do not attach great significance to this." For a second a hint of the defensive passion creeps out in a smooth, practised voice: "What I have does not come from any show I put up in residences, but from the power, the sacrifices, and the dignity of the people of India. It is wrong to put false values on these things." He may move into a converted flat in India House, for he will work late hours, and early.

Menon was born to a lawyer in the garden of India, Malabar, at Calicut. After seven years in Madras, where he spent one year on the staff of the Theosophist leader Dr. Annie Besant's newspaper, *New India*, Menon came to London in 1924. He taught English history at St. Christopher's, Letchworth. Later he secured first-class honours in political science at the University of London, studied ten years under Professor Harold Laski at the School of Economics, taking his M.A., and was called to the Bar in 1934. He became prospective Labour candidate for Dundee, but differences with the officials of the Party over India at the outbreak of the Second World War led to his resignation. He rejoined two years ago.

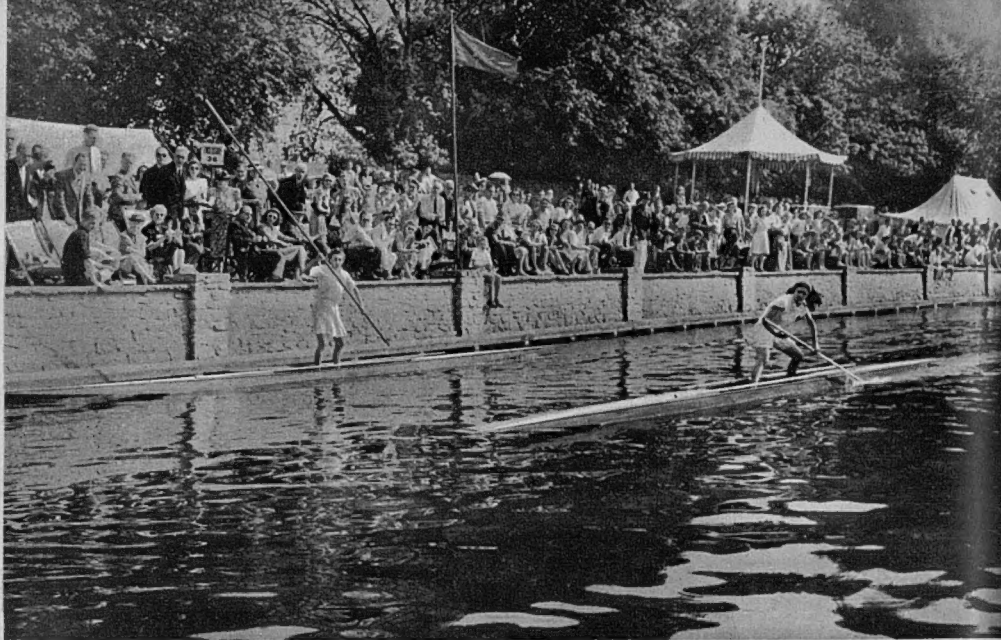
BUT high above all his social interests and passions has been the honorary secretaryship and leadership for eighteen years of the India

League, the pleading to all who would listen to this ascetic non-smoker, teetotaller, vegetarian, in London and the provinces, in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square. The theme was, India's freedom.

There are thousands of Indian students in these isles. When he speaks of them Menon smiles, hopefully. He wants them to help create healthy relations between us. Will they, like himself, surrender all games and hobbies? Can they rise to the heights of self-denial? Or is that phase over?



H.E. Krishna Menon,
High Commissioner for
India in London

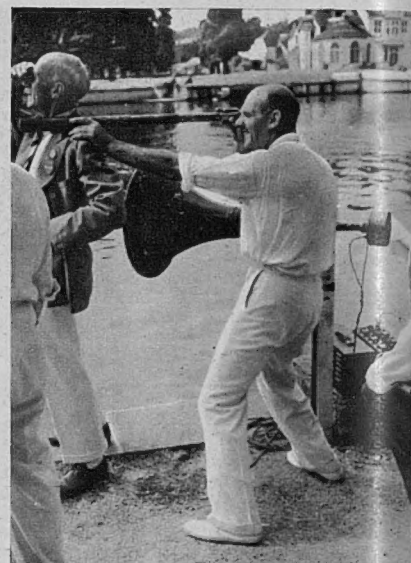


Miss Jean Kershaw (left), final winner of the Ladies' Amateur Championship, winning her heat against Miss Delphine Wilkinson in the Thames Punting Club Regatta at Bray Reach, near Maidenhead

Punt Racing on Bray Reach



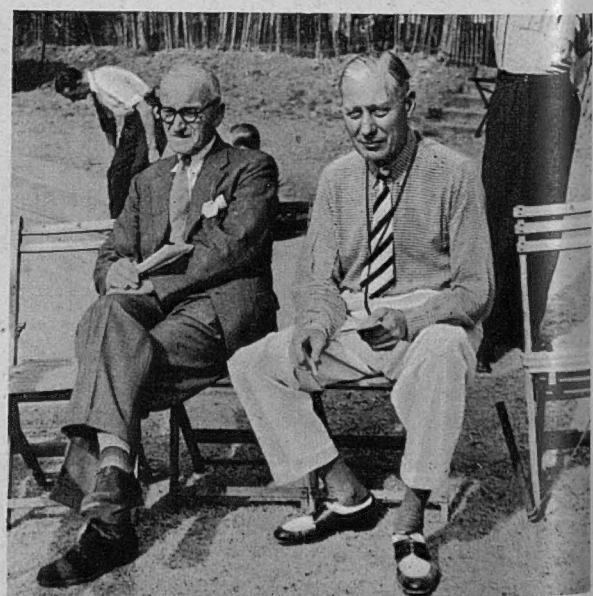
Mr. N. Milroy shakes hands with the winner of the Men's Championship, Mr. R. C. Bending



Mr. J. Rowse, a Committee member, enlists the aid of a telescope



Mr. H. van Swanenberg and Mr. R. C. Bending getting back their breath after a strenuous dead-heat



Mr. C. M. Nesbitt and Mr. R. Amberton find a quiet spot from which to watch the racing

The Colonne Orchestra Party at Edinburgh



Lady Newall, wife of Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall, and Prince Galitzine at the party, which was given at the Music Festival Club



M. Casapesus, the famous pianist, with Princess Galitzine. The party was in honour of l'Orchestre Colonne, which is playing at the Festival



Mme. Paul Paray, wife of the conductor of the Orchestra, chatting to M. Philippe Monod, the French Consul-General in Edinburgh



Lady Boynton, who helped in the Festival organisation, talking to M. Paul Paray, conductor of l'Orchestre Colonne



In the starter's box during the Burnham-on-Crouch Yacht Week: Mr. F. W. Friend, Mr. M. C. Watson, Capt. F. W. Watson, Mr. G. W. Roberts and Mr. N. E. Dallimore (handicapper). The Week was very well supported and some excellent sailing was seen

Yachting at Burnham-on-Crouch



Mrs. J. H. Hume and Mrs. Keith Fraser study a map of the course on the terrace



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray watching a start from the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, with very different types of binoculars



Miss V. Scott and Mrs. Stratton waiting to row out to their yacht



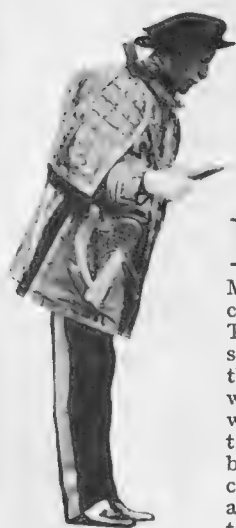
Mrs. J. M. Bell with Cdr. J. M. Bell and Mr. C. C. Booth, J.P., Secretary and Commodore of the Royal Burnham Y.C.



A Party at Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire, the residence of Mr. Alexander MacGregor, brother of Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Alasdair MacGregor, Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Findanus MacGregor, Alpin MacGregor, Hildred Carlisle, the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird and Rinalda, Aulin and Ceanan Baird.

Sanifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



I WENT down to Edinburgh for the opening of the International Festival of Music and Drama, which continues until Sept. 13th. The city, bathed in glorious sunshine which lasted throughout my visit, was gay with flowers everywhere. In window-boxes, hanging from the lamp standards in baskets, banks of brilliantly-coloured flowers were placed at focal-points all over the town, to say nothing of the exquisite blooms bedded-out

did their best to make these singularly un-attractive vehicles gay, decorating them with many little Union Jacks.

The scene was all set for what must be the greatest festival of music and drama ever staged in Great Britain. We must congratulate Scotland, and Edinburgh in particular, on taking the lead in establishing this fine city as one of the leading European festival centres. Another splendid idea was the Festival Club, which has been inaugurated in the Assembly Rooms and Music Hall in George Street, and which quickly attracted hundreds of members. Here men and women of the musical and dramatic world meet daily, together with visitors interested in art from all over the globe.

I should say that for three weeks in the year this is the most cosmopolitan club in the world. It is a boon to visitors, giving them comfortable reading and writing rooms, a magnificent ball-room with mirrored walls and fine chandeliers, where an excellent band plays every night for dancing, a very good restaurant and snack bar, also a very efficient information bureau where

there are always people ready to give you a quick and intelligent answer.

The music, drama and many art exhibitions had been carefully chosen by the Festival Council, with the Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer, as chairman. I found so many beautiful things to see and listen to that it was difficult to make a choice if your visit was brief.

WHAT a brilliant idea it was, with so many visitors going to Edinburgh for the Festival, that the Scottish Council of Industrial Design, with a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Steven Bilsland, should organise the splendid "Enterprise Scotland 1947" Exhibition, which is open until September 30th. Here you find some of the finest products of Scotland, although, often provokingly, only for overseas buyers. This exhibition was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who in his speech said: "We have markets to recapture, and new ones to conquer, and we shall only do this by giving our best," and that "Enterprise Scotland" is a good portent to the world of what the best is.

in Princes Street Gardens; as you entered one end of the gardens the famous giant clock on the ground, made entirely of dwarf bedding plants, confronted you. The hands move and tell you the correct time. On the face of the clock were the names of famous composers and surrounding it were several bars of music, all worked in flowers. Even the tramcar-owners

The Duke was accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, looking very pretty in a dress of midnight blue embroidered with white beads, and a little white hat trimmed with marguerites and a veil. She also wore a pair of pale platina foxes. When their Royal Highnesses made their tour of inspection they were accompanied by Sir Steven Bilsland, Lady MacGregor of MacGregor, in a navy-and-white print, and the Lord Provost and his attractive daughter, dressed in yellow. Miss Falconer has carried out the duties of Lady Provost splendidly during her father's term of office—a very difficult job for a very young girl—and hundreds of visitors to Edinburgh, and all her citizens, will remember her charming manners and quiet tact, with her ever-ready willingness to help with any work to be done. Miss Falconer has certainly done a lot to add to the tremendous success of the Lord Provost's term, which everyone is sad to know ends this autumn.

AMONG others I saw at the opening of this Exhibition were the Earl and Countess of Elgin, Lady Victoria Wemyss, in brown, and Gen. Sir Philip Christison, the G.O.C., Scottish Command, and his wife, who are familiar figures about the town in their large, official grey car. Sir Hector McNeill, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, was accompanied by Lady McNeill, and I saw Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Lord Provost of Aberdeen. Others there included Col. and Mrs. Walter Elliot, both in tremendous form; Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, Col. Bruce Turnbull, and Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, who had come all the way from Gleneagles, as Mr. Gamage had electrical interests in the Exhibition. Mrs. Gamage, who was looking very attractive and so tanned, told me they were having a wonderful holiday playing golf at Gleneagles, where everything is nearly pre-war. She even had the same caddie as before the war. He had grown older, fought in the Middle East during the war, and has now returned to his old job at Gleneagles.

THE Thanksgiving Service in St. Giles' Cathedral to inaugurate the Festival was a very impressive affair. There was a delightful touch of pageantry in the procession from the City Chambers to the Cathedral. Headed by the Lord Provost in his ermine-trimmed scarlet robes, the magistrates and council, also in scarlet, led the procession in brilliant sunshine, followed by representatives of the Church of Scotland, the Episcopal Church, the Free Church, the Baptist, the Congregational and the Methodist Churches.

Then came representatives of all the official City bodies, many of them carrying silver maces and wearing their academic official robes. The tabards of the Heralds of the Lord Lyon and the uniforms of the constables and guard of honour of Holyroodhouse were a magnificent sight. They were making one of their rare appearances at an official function outside the Palace. Inside the Cathedral, when every seat was full, there was a fanfare of trumpets blown by the State trumpeters, the Dean of the Thistle offered up a prayer from the Moray Aisle, and then we sang a psalm. The music throughout the service was beautiful. The anthem chosen was "I was glad when they said unto me," sung to Hubert Parry's music, and later the choir sang magnificently the "Te Deum" to Vaughan Williams's setting.

IN the evening there was a delightful concert given by the Colonne Orchestre conducted by Paul Paray in the Usher Hall, where later in the Festival other such famous maestros as John Barbirolli, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Bruno Walter, Sir Hugh Robertson, Ian Whyte and Reginald Jacques could be seen conducting. M. Paul Paray was elected head of the Colonne in 1933, and with the exception of the years of Occupation, when he joined the Resistance, he has been with the Colonne, which he has built up into the very fine orchestra it is to-day.

The next night was the opening of the Glyndebourne opera at the King's Theatre with Verdi's *Macbeth*, an exciting opera seldom seen in this country. It was given at Glyndebourne in 1938 and 1939. At Edinburgh it was beautifully produced by Carl Ebert. Margherita Grandi was a splendid Lady Macbeth and superb in the sleep-walking scene, which was magnificently staged. This opening was certainly a gala night, and the audience was far smarter than on many London first-nights. The men mostly wore dinner jackets, and the women lovely furs, dresses and jewels.

AMONG the audience I noticed Lord Glentanar, a great lover of music, who brought his attractive débutante daughter, Jean, who wore a most original and becoming dress of cream organza with a tartan organza skirt and scarf. The Lord Provost and the Lady Provost were in a box with the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow. In the stalls were Col. and Mrs. Walter Elliot, H.R.H. Prince Chula of Siam, Prince and Princess Galitzine, and Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, who came with his sister-in-law, Margaret Lady Craigmyle (I was told he had to catch the night train after the show to go to a conference in Switzerland).

The Countess of Rosebery, who has done so much to help make the Festival a success, looked attractive in a dress of blue sequins. She brought a large party, including Sir John and Lady Anderson. He is, of course, chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust. Mr. John and Lady Margaret Walker, who are over here from Washington, where he is Director of the National Gallery, the Hon. Hugh Smith, Miss Maxwell and Lord Primrose were also there. Lady

of the first to help any good cause in Scotland and really works hard to achieve her object. Others were the Earl of Selkirk, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, Col. Bruce Turnbull, Sir Hector and Lady McNeill, Dr. Murray and his charming sister, Lady Rosebery and some of her party, and Mr. and Mrs. John Christie, who were being congratulated on the success of the opera, as was Mr. Rudolf Bing, the very able Glyndebourne manager and director, from whom the whole idea of the Festival originated.

The Earl of Minto was there with his very lovely wife, who wore a magnificent diamond maple leaf and rows of beautiful pearls with her champagne-coloured evening dress. Lady Minto is another who works tirelessly for many deserving causes, including the Queen's Nurses' Pension Fund—an appeal very near to her heart which she very rightly feels needs all our help. Also at the party were M. and Mme. Paul Paray, Miss Ninette de Valois, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Sir William Thomson, and many more I have not room to mention.

THE next night was the opening of the Old Vic Company with *The Taming of the Shrew*, with an excellent cast. Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke acted brilliantly in the leading rôles. The company are also doing *Richard II*.

Two other exciting Festival attractions were the Sadler's Wells Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn dancing better than ever, and the Louis Jouvett company from the Athénée Theatre in Paris, who are giving brilliant performances of Molière's comedy *L'Ecole des Femmes*, and *Onéïme*, by Jean Giraudoux.

During my visit I had a delicious lunch at the Aperiitif, which, as usual, was crowded. At a table near me were Prince and Princess Galitzine, who were both at many of the Festival performances. Another day I went to the Café Royal. Lunching here were Sir Edmund Findlay and his two attractive daughters, Moira and Gillian.

So many visitors from abroad were staying in Edinburgh for the Festival that the Caledonian Hotel reminded me of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*. Here I met good-looking Australian-born John Brownlee and lovely Eleanor Steber, both from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to play the Count and Countess in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with the Glyndebourne Opera.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA CHAKRABONGSE of SIAM had come up from Cornwall for the Festival, and I saw him enjoying several performances. Miss Rona Byron, a great music-lover I met, motored up from Sussex. Visitors from the United States included Mr. Leo Perler and his attractive blonde wife; Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Potter, Lt.-Col. Peters, Mr. De Balloz, and Mr. and Mrs. George Romney, of Detroit. Mr. Bernhard Hellum and Mr. Hangin were two visitors from Norway. I also saw M. and Mme. Braschler, from Zurich; M. and Mme. Georges Klincksieck, from Paris; Mrs. Wertheimer, a well-known hostess on the Continent in pre-war days, and Lady Gilbey with her twelve-year-old son, Anthony.



Scott, Edinburgh
H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who opened "Enterprise Scotland 1947," being shown a colour-printing process



Omar, Edinburgh
H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, with the Hon. Lady MacGregor of MacGregor after her visit with the Duke to the "Enterprise Scotland 1947" exhibition of Scottish industries, held in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh

Rosebery has been having a series of visitors for the Festival, including H.R.H. the Princess Royal with the Earl of Harewood, the Duke of Alba, her sister-in-law, Lady Aberdare, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce and Sir Malcolm Sargent.

AFTER the performance the Lord Provost gave a supper-party at the Festival Club, and among those who went on from the theatre were the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, and the Marquess of Tweeddale with the Marchioness, who, I was told, is always one

Much Enjoyment at Much Hadham, Herts.



Miss V. Lawrence, a first-prize winner in the Children's Gymkhana, on Amber Light

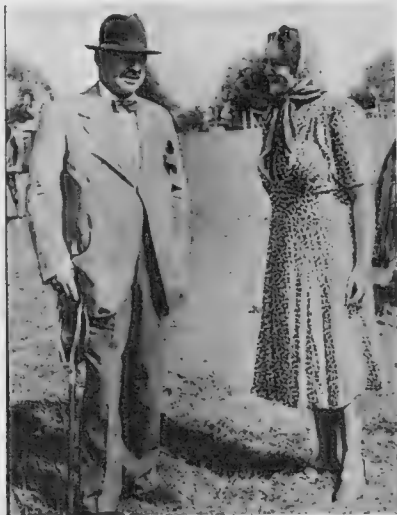


Belinda Garnham, Jennifer and Angela Neale and Bunny Farr, of the Puckeridge Hunt Pony Club, arrive for the Inter-Pony Club competition organised by the Old Berkeley branch of the Pony Club at Great Westwood, Buckshill, near King's Langley

Ponies Compete at King's Langley



Snowball takes the stile complacently under the expert guidance of Miss L. Wright



Major S. G. R. Barratt, M.F.H., and Mrs. Barratt, who were responsible for the arrangements



Miss M. Ramsey, of the Old Berkeley Pony Club, jumping in the Junior class



Mrs. E. Beddington handing the championship cup to Mr. T. Harvey on Mrs. G. Sparrow's Burmese Silver. The gymkhana was held at The Palace



Winners of the team competition in the Equitation class: John Carter, Joyce Railston-Brown and Shoonan Guinness

The Ferne, Dorset, Gymkhana



Brig. J. J. Kingstone, one of the judges, and Capt. George Burnett, a field secretary



The three announcers were Lt.-Col. F. Wintle, Mr. R. J. A. Arundell and Major E. M. Keatinge



Miss I. Harding in the Variety Jumping. Much ingenuity and hard work had been expended on preparing the events



J/Cdr. Katharine Crofton, daughter of Sir Henry Crofton, Bt., and J/Cdr. Hazel Kingstone dispensed the drinks



Miss Janet Holloway and Miss Pauline Sheppard at a critical moment in the very amusing Drawing Race



Two visitors to the neighbourhood, Miss Ellen Ann Hay, from Geneva, and the Comte de Maigret, from France, also took part



Mr. and Mrs. Fitzlyon, Nina Duchess of Hamilton, who lent the grounds, Master Fitzlyon, Lady Jean Zinovieff, Major L. Zinovieff and Lady Crofton. Lady Zinovieff and Lady Crofton organised the gymkhana

Bealing, Shaftesbury



Miss Jill Herrick and Lt.-Col. F. Wintle. Miss Herrick is filling a mug from a bucket in the Water-Carrying Race

Priscilla in Paris

Autumn Ferment

A COOL, grey day. This is something we have not seen—or, still more agreeably, felt—for many weeks. It was always a little incredulously that I used to read of sweltering days in India, the scorching torture of the African deserts and the heavy, muggy heat of the equatorial forests. "How marvellous to be really warm," I always thought, with envy. But this summer has made me alter my opinion and realise that, after all, it is possible to be too hot. The kind gods be thanked, therefore, for this day of respite from what seems to be an endless grilling.

Paris is filling up again. The *congés payés* are returning from sea, mountain . . . or little-shack-in-the-outer-suburbs; and we again dread the rush hours of the Metro. The local shops are taking down their shutters and selling the same old, pre-holiday goods . . . at slightly higher prices. Queues are forming once more outside the cinemas, and it is wise to reserve a table if one wants to dine in the open air.

THE theatres are reopening, but only with their old successes. Few premières will take place before the autumn. One of the greater events will be M. François Mauriac's play *Le Passage du Malin*, at the Théâtre de la Madeleine, starring Mary Bell, who has just returned from a tour in South America, during which the play was tried out very successfully. Quite a crowd gathered at the Orly airport to welcome her on her return the other morning, and amongst her friends and admirers was M. de Souza Dantas, honorary Ambassador of Brazil. Flowers, congratulations, *embrassades*; but Mary (who is often quite contrary) had only one idea, and that was to get away and start off for a greatly-needed rest at a well-hidden retreat she has on the island of Corsica.

In November, Jean-Pierre Aumont, who is Maria Montez's husband, is forsaking the screen for a while and making his bow before the footlights in *L'Empereur de Chine*, at the Mathurins. Edith Piaf will be at the Étoile (she still swears she will never go to Hollywood but . . . she is still learning English), and there will be a new play by Suzanne Lillar, *All Roads Lead to Heaven*, at the Théâtre des Arts.

The theatrical sensation of the week concerns Sacha Guitry, who has been discharged without a stain on his reputation. Why this

foregone conclusion could not have been reached long ago is just one of those things that make life the uncomfortable business it has become. Poor Sacha. He is only happy when he is playing, and these long years, since the F.F.I. arrested him during the Liberation of Paris, must have been merry Hades for him. He was only imprisoned a few weeks, but he was not allowed to appear on the stage pending the enquiry that has now been closed.

PERHAPS he will now obtain his long-withheld *visa* for the States. He certainly has the right to cold-shoulder Paris, and his absence will be our loss, for even his bitterest enemy cannot deny that he is France's No. 1 Entertainer, and that no other actor-author—over here, of course, for in England there is Noel Coward—be it even Louis Verneuil or Pierre Brasseur, can vie with him. He is shortly publishing his war souvenirs. The title will be *Quatre Années d'Occupations*. (The plural is intentional, please, Mr. Editor, and, since I am sure you are a linguist, I know you will smile.)

Our two beloveds, Pierre Fresnay and Yvonne Printemps, are taking a year's rest, alas for us, but Fresnay has several film contracts to fulfil, and we are hoping to hear that Yvonne will star at least in one of them.

BRITISH—and other—tourists in France, who have suffered under the management of the "nationalised" railroads, will be glad to hear that 1948 is to see innumerable improvements. New, all-metal coaches are to be put into use, with a wonderful system of air-cooling in summer and heating in winter. Even the third-class carriages are to have their little folding tables and well-cushioned seats that can be pulled out so that travellers by night can imagine themselves *en wagon-lit*. There is even talk of having, on certain long-distance journeys, a doctor and a midwife in constant attendance, also a nursery car, hung with tiny hammocks. As yet there has been no mention of a swimming-pool or an ice-skating rink, a hairdresser's saloon or a Turkish bath . . . but this will probably follow in due course. Who knows?

Meanwhile, one would be grateful if one could merely hope . . . but why indulge in these all-too-easy home truths? In the words of good Touchstone: "Travellers must be content!"

Voilà!

● Overheard at the level crossing as the barrier is raised. Glum motorist: "Can't go on! I'm out of petrol!" Still glummer driver, from his engine-cab in the middle of the crossing: "Shake, pal! I've run short of coal!"





THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
SEPTEMBER 10, 1947

Golfers from all over the world assembled at Samaden, near St. Moritz, to play in the Swiss Open Championships on the beautiful Engadine Club course under the heights of the Piz Julier. John Plant, Open Champion of Egypt, the winner of the Men's Championship, is seen putting on the sixth green.



John Plant literally "in full swing" during a match. He is the Open Champion of Egypt

The Swiss Amateur Golf Championships



Mrs. John Plant watches the play with the Marquis D'Assche, who came from Brussels



Princess Maritza de Liechtenstein was another keen follower of the Championships



Mons. R. Gautier and Dr. S. V. Todd, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, were among the competitors



Prince Hardit Singh Malik, beaten in the final, is going to Canada as High Commissioner for India. He was an Oxford Blue



H.E. Señor Don Domingo de las Barcenas, lately Spanish Ambassador in London, on the steps of the clubhouse



H.R.H. the Princess de Réthy, who was beaten in the semi-final by Mrs. P. Peltz, of South Africa, by three games to two



Dr. R. H. Schloss
Miss Ruth Woodward, of the United States, was beaten by three games to two in the final by Mrs. Peltz



D. R. Stuart
Mrs. Peltz, of Johannesburg, who won the Women's Championship. She has a scratch handicap and is South African champion



Miss Eleanor Steber and Mr. John Brownlee, of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, after the opening service at St. Giles' Cathedral



The Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer (centre), with the Hon. Lady MacGregor of MacGregor and Col. the Hon. Walter Elliot at the Enterprise Scotland 1947 Exhibition



Balmain, Edinburgh
The hub of the Festival, Princes Street, as seen from the top of the Scott Monument. The building left centre is the Royal Scottish Academy

EDINBURGH ST

Personalities at the three weeks
b



The Countess of Elgin and Sir John Anderson at the Lord Provost's party



Miss R. M. Murray, sister of Councillor Murray, and the Marquess of Tweeddale



Edinburgh's Lady Provost, Miss Diana Falconer, with Sir Steven Bilsland (left) and Mr. M. H. Donaldson (manager) at the Exhibition



Prof. Charles Sarolea, Belgian Consul-General in Edinburgh, and M. Philippe Monod, French Consul-General, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral

PAGES A GREAT FESTIVAL

International Festival of Music and Drama, which is described
Jennifer on pages 330 and 331



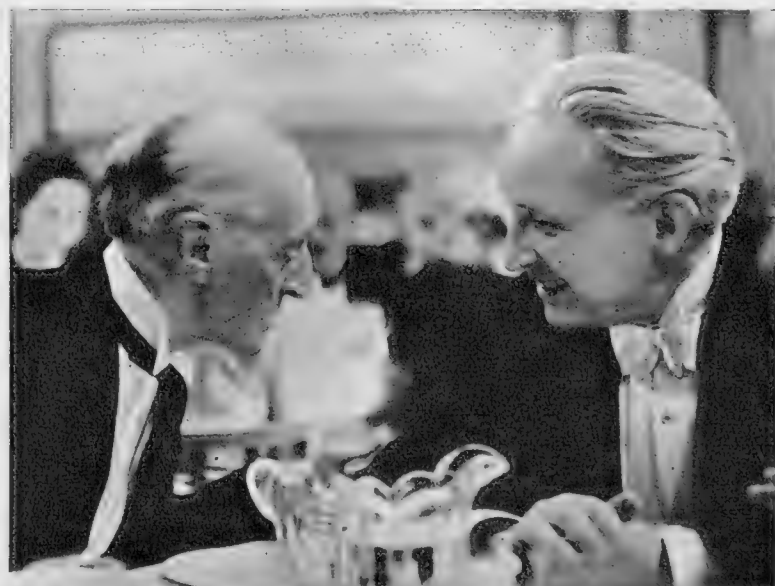
The Marquess of Linlithgow, Sir John Falconer, the host, the Marchioness of Linlithgow and Sir William Thomson, ex-Lord Provost, at the party, which was given in honour of members of the Glyndebourne Opera Company



The Very Rev. Dr. Charles L. Warr, Dean of the Chapel Royal and of the Thistle, Minister of St. Giles' Cathedral



Councillor William Earsman with Mrs. Berthold Goldschmidt, wife of the Glyndebourne conductor



Photographs by Omar, Edinburgh
Carl Ebert, conductor of the Glyndebourne Opera, enjoying a joke with Councillor Adam Millar at the supper table

NO. 2 IN THE EMMWOOD SERIES

Continuing his investigations into rare species, Emmwood describes this week a wading bird found only in the vicinity of fast-running water

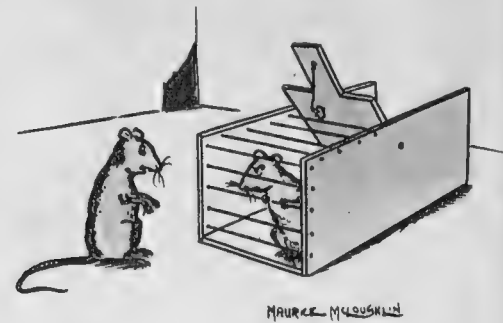


The Great Crested Trout Iritator—or Lyre Bird

(Racontur-Exagorator)

Adult Male: General colour rusty green, inclined towards scaliness; beak long and predatorily curved, pale blue, in very old individuals deep blue and mottled; head feathers fluffy and crested with multi-coloured small tufts; legs and feet rubbery inclined to heaviness. Habits: The protection from shooting, which has of late been afforded this interesting bird on British rivers, has contributed to an increase of the species. It is unnecessary to add that the interest of river scenery is much enhanced by the presence of such a queer bird as the Great Crested Trout Iritator, whose caprices might be allowed to atone for any delinquencies in the way of catching small trout. The flight of this bird is

usually advertised by its remarkable telescopic wing flapping and its accompanying shrill call—a kind of "Phwee-Phwee." It is a quarrelsome species and jealous of intruders, so that a fight often takes place if another Trout Iritator interferes with the fishing rights of an established owner. The bird will sit motionless for hours on the bank of a river, only moving when in need of a drink. Principal food is fish and tall stories, which it enjoys at great length. Habitats: Streams, rivers, Fishermen's Arms, sand bars and all types of Harbour Bars. Adult Female: Inclined to be more quarrelsome; colour similar to male, but not quite as green as she looks.



MAURICE MCGOUGHAN

"Actually, you're not too badly off—it's capital punishment down the road"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A TRACK supervisor received the following memo. from his foreman: "I am sending in accident report about Casey's foot, which he struck with a spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or Casey's?"

A LADY returning from the Continent had purchased some bottles of perfume, and spent a good deal of trouble in packing them into her luggage so that they should not be detected by the Customs official. When she arrived at the Customs the official went through her luggage carefully and had nearly finished searching the last case, when her small daughter cried excitedly, clapping her hands: "Oh-h, Mummy, he's getting warm, isn't he?"

A YOUNG reporter joined the staff of a newspaper and, as is often the way with cub reporters, was apt to be too long-winded in his stories. The news editor told him repeatedly to cut his stories to the bare essentials. The lesson seemed to have gone home when one of his stories came out this way:

"J. Smith looked up the shaft at the Grand Hotel this morning to see if the lift was on its way down. It was. Aged forty-six."

THE Glasgow Rangers and Celtic football match is always an event to stir the emotions of the crowd, and the rivalry between the two supporting sides runs very high. The Protestant v. Catholic element is an important factor in the matter. At one match a spectator loudly cheered when Celtic scored, and threw his cap in the air. Later, when Rangers scored, he was equally delighted. This conduct puzzled the man next to him.

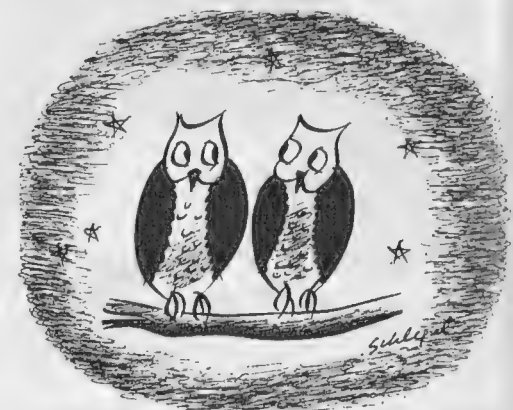
"Here," he asked, "which side are you supposed to be for?"

"Oh," replied the other, "I'm not supporting any side. I'm just here to enjoy the game."

Whereupon the questioner remarked to the friend next to him, "H'm, a ruddy atheist."

A SERVICE magazine tells this one of the ancient inhabitant of Okinawa who saw a helicopter for the first time.

He stared at the sky, not quite accepting what he saw. After a moment of silence, he remarked in understandable English: "The Americans are so clever. They even make windmills fly."

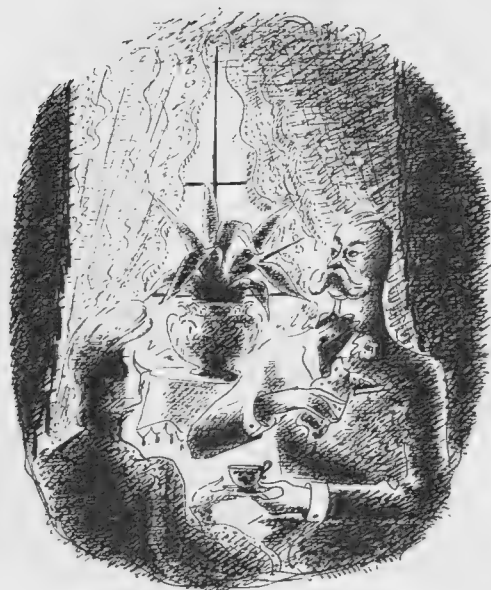


"I hear they're putting us on the day shift"

Short Story

The Great Gesture

John Gloag



MR. AUGUSTUS LIONEL LARKINS belonged to the old school, a school of manners and habits so old that it has long passed away and is now almost forgotten. His character was consistent, and his friends found much in it to attract and secure their admiration.

He was a courtly old gentleman, and he was a bachelor for a very good Victorian reason. He had been disappointed in love in his early youth; his girl, his Caroline, had married another man, chosen by her parents, and when, some thirty years later, she became a widow, both she and Mr. Larkins decided not to marry. Instead, they preserved a deep but delicate friendship. There was more than a touch of Colonel Newcome about Mr. Larkins; and Caroline Hartover, the only woman in his life, had a Victorian air that was exactly the right accompaniment to his respectful gallantry.

The first thing that you noticed when you saw Mr. Larkins was his moustache. It was a superb ornament. It spread its wings, so to speak, on either side of his rather boyish face. It flowed and curled, ornate, enormous and impressive, completely hiding his mouth, descending like some great canopy, and of a silken, silver white. How it stayed in position was always a mystery; but like twin banners flung outwards, it gave both dignity and an astonishing virility to his countenance. Apart from the moustache, he would have passed as a dapper but rather old-fashioned gentleman.

HE had pale-blue eyes, a narrow forehead, a well-shaped nose, and he was slim and carried himself very erect. He dressed with a fastidious but restrained elegance. His clothes always had a slight air of the 'nineties about them. They were always quiet, of choice materials, but their cut made him seem almost a period piece. The trousers were a little tight to the leg; something about them that suggested the cavalry, and that might have been a tribute to a commission he had held in the Volunteers, away back in the 'seventies or 'eighties. There was a certain amplitude about his coats; and when he entered a taxi it became miraculously transformed into a hansom—or so it seemed for just one fleeting moment if you caught a glimpse of him stepping jauntily into the cab.

There was always something a little military about him; something in his walk, his neatness, his regularity, and the routine of his life which suggested the retired Army man. He lived in Richmond, in a small, old red-brick house on the Hill, and he walked daily on the Terrace, a sedate promenade taken in all weathers, three times up and three times down the Terrace, with an occasional pause for a glance at

that incomparable view of the curving Thames, winding from Twickenham.

Three times a week he would take tea with Mrs. Hartover. She also lived on Richmond Hill. When other visitors were present on these occasions they would be struck by the respectful attention that she accorded to his lightest remark.

Mr. Larkins would discourse upon a variety of subjects; without pretending to be well-informed about anything in particular, he always spoke with an air of quiet authority. His utterance was short, rather clipped—a little abrupt even. She believed everything he said, and, to the best of his belief, he never uttered a misleading sentence in her presence; nor in anybody else's, for that matter.

Nobody knew his age; he might have been sixty, seventy or eighty; but somehow or other we felt that he was younger. Perhaps it was that terrific pride in his appearance which conferred upon him an air of youth.

His hair was white and abundant, but you never noticed his hair, nor indeed anything except the superlative moustache which dominated the scene. He never smoked cigarettes, only cigars, and he used a long, amber holder, effectively shielding the moustache from any contact with nicotine. When he drank a glass of sherry it almost disappeared from view; the moustache curving out and over hid the slender glass. He drank tea with an extraordinary neatness, producing a vast, white silk handkerchief to dry the fringes of the moustache. Coffee he never used: coffee leaves stains.

And so, year in year out, he followed his orderly routine of life: going to Bourne-mouth for three weeks in the winter to recover after his annual attack of influenza; visiting friends in the country for a little shooting in August and September, but always cutting short these visits, always returning to his Richmond home, which was beautifully run and managed by a quiet, competent manservant and his wife. We felt that he was never really happy when separated from Mrs. Hartover.

HIS Caroline was seldom ill, although she was one of those frail-looking women. But her slight frame could sustain any amount of fatigue, and she was trained to absorb any amount of sympathy, because her friends were always saying: "How ill poor darling Caroline looks."

Then one winter she was ill. The illness began with a cold, and from that small complaint other and more serious things developed.

Mr. Larkins, who didn't believe in the telephone, and wouldn't have one in his

house, called to make enquiries about her three times a day.

Caroline Hartover grew steadily worse. Nobody ventured to mention her illness to Mr. Larkins in order to express sympathy; but one day we observed that he was a little brighter.

"It was touch and go, y'know," he said, in his rather abrupt, jerky voice. "Shan't be allowed to see her for a long time. Still, worst over now they tell me."

Some weeks passed before he was able to see her, before she was able to descend to her small, overcrowded drawing-room. He was her only visitor. Nobody else was permitted to call; not even her relatives.

Those who met Mr. Larkins returning from that first visit noticed that he seemed preoccupied.

The very next day everyone who knew him had a shock.

He appeared for his morning walk upon the Terrace erect, dapper, quick-stepping as usual, but—*clean-shaven*. Without that colossal moustache he looked an old and wizened man, with a curiously crumpled face.

Nobody liked to say anything; indeed, it seemed impossible to make any comment. He was too reserved, too dignified to permit liberties of any kind; but he came round to the subject himself.

"H'm!" he said explosively—and when he spoke, the fact that he had a very long, pale, upper lip was emphasised—"h'm, I suppose you're all wondering why I've shaved?"

Nobody dared to admit that they were curious; but he went on:

"Caroline, y'know—got to have some intelligent conversation some time, poor, dear girl—so, no alternative."

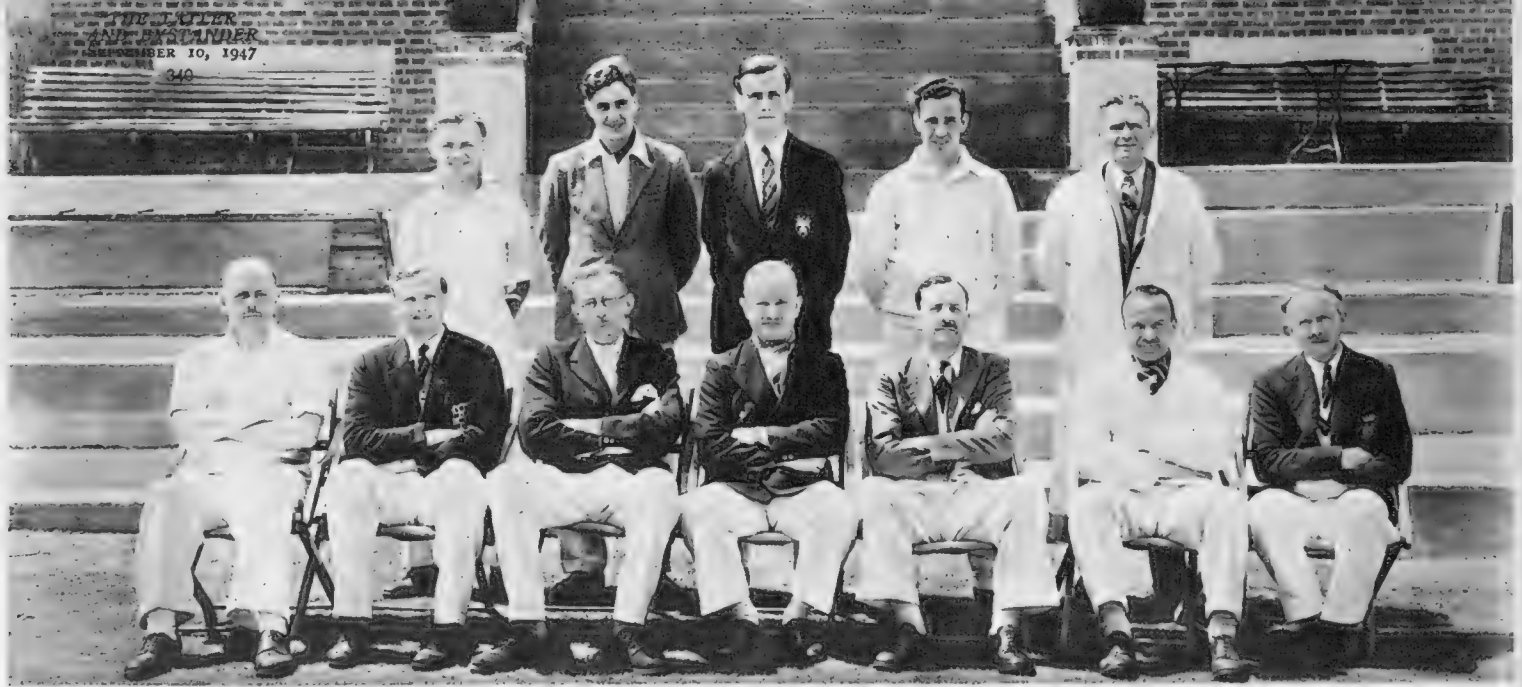
"This, of course, merely bewildered us.

"Take some time for her to pick it up, of course," he continued; "got to do everything to help the girl."

"Yes, yes, of course," said his friends, wondering what on earth he was talking about.

"Dreadful shock, dreadful blow," he went on. "Illness left her stone deaf, and she's learning to lip read."

"**Standing By . . .**" will not appear this week or next owing to the absence of D. B. Wyndham Lewis on holiday. It will be resumed in the issue of September 24th.



Army Cricket at Aldershot

The Royal Army Educational Corps team drew with the Royal Army Pay Corps in a recent match on the Officers' Club ground at Aldershot. Back: Sgt. H. Bircumshaw, Sgt. A. H. Birchall, Sgt. R. W. Venables, Sgt. J. K. Wilkes, H. Gray (umpire). Front: Capt. L. Smith, Major H. R. Wright, Lt.-Col. F. J. Ronald, Lt.-Col. E. V. H. Hudson, Major W. E. N. Watson, Major S. Moore-Coulson, Sgt. J. R. Peacock

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

IN those good old times when we had doodle-bugs and V-2s, and even earlier than that, when we used to listen to a weekly broadcast which said: "I want nothing more!" this used to be considered as the time of the year when you were only too ready to listen to yarns about Giant Gooseberries, Sea Serpents, Fish, Dogs, the Monster of Loch Ness, and also to the man who said he had got an absolute snip, not only for the Autumn Double, but for next year's Guineas and Derby, and that if you did not put all the shirts you possessed on it, you had, or did, ought to go and get your bumps read.

I feel convinced that now, if one of the men who let the boats out on the Serpentine rang up the news editor of the—(we won't say what) and told him that the original Sea Serpent, the last of the snakes that blessed Saint Patrick chased out of Ireland, had just eaten one of the Lido ladies, the answer would be: "We are not amused!" In these drab days, when you can collect a crisis every night after the nine o'clock news, and you are told to punch another hole in your belt, no one seems to have any taste at all for the soothing Silly Season. Even the bookmakers and the professional boosters cannot kick any life into the Leger market.

As to that romantic Scotland and that Monster, they seem to be equally apathetic. What a chance there was to gaff him when there was a breach in the Caledonian Canal and the water was low! Yet no one seems to care, and even Sean Fielding (the well-beloved Editor of this august journal) has totally failed to get the elephant-footed thing back into the headlines. Considering that Sean got closer to him than even those Highland postmen, school-mistresses and other veracious witnesses, who saw and snapshotted the brute, it is a fairly convincing indication of present deadness that he cannot get a line even in the evening Press. Incidentally, I still say that Pearl Diver was about a 12 lb. better colt than Migoli on Derby Day, and that nothing since then has told us anything. Sayajirao is my second thought.

A Kelly Gang Echo

NED KELLY, the most famous, and the last, of the Australian Bushrangers, was born in 1854 and met his end in that last stand at Benalla, in the Glenrowan district, in 1880—only sixty-seven years ago—and now some of his and Hart's descendants, as well as many other people who regard Ned as Australia's Robin Hood, are strenuously opposing the

making of a film about the picturesque adventures of the famous outlaw and his companions.

The Oxley Shire Council, the Wangaratta Borough Council and other bodies have sent a deputation to the Premier of Victoria asking him to intervene and stop this affront to the feelings of the direct descendants of the families concerned. Feeling has always run high in this district on the subject of Ned Kelly, where he is still "very much of a hero," to quote the words of a Benalla business man who, presumably, knows all about what has happened to the film people out on "location." The Last Stand Café, built on the site on the Gang's last fight with the police, had its signboard torn down and burnt, and there have been some other warnings of trouble conveyed to the local police of what would happen if the movie people are permitted to carry on.

A Sure Hand on the spot writes me:

It has always been thought very risky to mention the Kellys except affectionately in certain country districts of Victoria, and there was an historic occasion many years ago when the showing of the old silent film *The Kelly Gang* at a village near Glenrowan where they made their last stand, resulted in the smashing of the projector and the tearing to pieces of the film. The operator, it was reported, ran well over the paddocks and over fences in the moonlight. The name of Ned Kelly has become a synonym for gameness, physical prowess or commercial endeavour, and is part of our language!

That this has some foundation, the history of the gang would indicate, although Ned was undoubtedly a desperate bushranger with one or two scalps hanging from his belt. The present descendants are quite respectable folk, and their sons have served honourably in two wars (one was killed at Pozières in 1916), hence the present uproar. The matter has now crept into the front pages of the Press vide the attached clipping from the *Melbourne Argus*.

"Robbery Under Arms"

WHEN Rolf Boldrewood's famous story was published, most people took it that it was based on the Kelly Gang, and that "Captain Starlight" was, in fact, Ned Kelly, and the Marstons, father and sons, recognisable portraits of some of the other leading characters; but I never heard of anything in the way of an uproar in connection with the book, though quite possibly there was one in Victoria just the same.

Likewise I have never heard of any protest about Lindsay Gordon's reference to "Starlight and his Gang" in that sadly attractive poem

"The Sick Stockrider." Lindsay Gordon makes the end different, for the leader of the pursuit "grapples with the leader man to man and horse to horse," and they roll into a shallow watercourse—"he blazed away and missed you . . . a narrow shave—his powder singed your beard." This was, of course, intended to describe Rolf Boldrewood's "Starlight," though the author of *Robbery Under Arms* reproduces that last stand in detail very faithfully to that reported. Ned Kelly escaped death many a time, thanks to the body armour which he wore, but in the end it failed him. And now the old battle is all boiling up again, or may do, if this film is allowed to go through.

Nomenclature

AT a recent meeting in the Midlands a promising two-year-old named Eluvadin won at a nourishing price, and an astute and beautiful lady of my acquaintance helped herself to a cool hundred. In the evening she told her adoring spouse that she had backed something called "Elle a vu digne," a praiseworthy shot, if not very understandable in French! This is rather reminiscent of one of "Pitcher's" yarns about the gay Boulevardier who christened his new abode "Hothazel," and when one of his lady friends asked him why, said, "Because it is!" Owners are far too often very unfeeling in the matter of the naming of their horses, and it is not only the poor ring men who are made to suffer. Quite a number of people still believe that Psyche is only another way of spelling "Fish."

Control of Racing in India

THE following facts may be considered apposite to the present situation in India: "The Rules of Racing under the Jockey Club: Part I. Rule 1. A recognised meeting is a meeting held under the sanction of a recognised Turf authority. The following other recognised Turf authorities have an arrangement with the Jockey Club for the mutual enforcement of sentences passed on offenders. (Here follows a list in which the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C. are included.)" "Rule 66: A horse is not qualified to be entered or run for any race (1) if he has run at an unrecognised meeting." In the present circumstances there is no encouragement to believe that the Jockey Club would accord recognition to any racing authorities which may aspire to succeed the existing ones. The prospect can hardly be said to be promising.

Scoreboard



PURSUANT (like Groucho Marx) on the Mannequin Parade at the international lawn-tennis match comes the soul-fluttering news that a Film Star has held up the start of a League football game. "I want to talk to the boys," she said, unaffectedly but accurately flicking an Im-

perial pint of mascara on to the bald head of a susceptible but incautious director; "I want to talk to the boys"; the self-same sentiment that urged the incomparable Helen to walk in beauty and the latest style of sandals on the walls of Troy and to watch, laughing ambrosially the while, her second husband, pretty-boy Paris, run like an electric hare from her first husband, Agamemnon, Leader of Men.

And so the football match, like Greece v. Troy and 999 out of every 1000 engagements carefully arranged and vainly anticipated by Homo none-so-Sapiens, was held up by a woman. And so, too, according to the exclusive report of an erudite if querulous contemporary, the officials of the Football League, when they receive the referee's memorandum (if they do, and can read it), will want to know why the match started three minutes late. I can only refer them to this column, which is abreast of opinion, ahead of fact, if sometimes behindhand on schedule.

ANYHOW (as Humpty Dumpty remarked when asked how he fell), if female Film Stars take a fancy to being introduced at football matches, no one in their senses (if such there be in this age of hard drinking, soft currency, and fibrositis) would not rather meet the players than the management, who tend to breathe through their mouths, talk (if hatless) through their noses, and wear tie-pins like the Eddystone Lighthouse. Indeed, my chief surprise, as the conjurer triumphantly commented when he suddenly turned his pale assistant into a Red Indian, is not that the match started late, but that it

started at all. Which reminds me (O, suffering cat-fish) of a cricket tour in Portugal, most *abandonnado*, where the long horns of enigmatic-eyed oxen lazily prodded the more corpulent pedestrians on the side-walks of Oporto and one could cash a cheque or two at the Banco without being dogged by detectives or haled before magistrates.

Before this match began, no Helen of Hollywood nor Elsie of Elstree asked if she could meet us. No, no. The proprietor of a firm of portwine producers asked us if we would meet *him* at the source. Late in the afternoon the match started: with four umpires and twenty-two fielders.

THE Chinese amateur footballers soon delighted English spectators by their characteristic ingenuity, and they induced at least one rather unknown critic to express the view that a new tactical concept will soon oust the rather obvious, not to say *démodé*, design of the English game.

Forwards, he writes, will one day learn to dribble backwards. This, he continues, will not only be uncommonly entertaining for the spectators, but psychologically and physiologically educational for the players, who will, at first, find it difficult to ascertain which way the game is going, especially in the last half of extra time, when memories are notoriously weak. Goal-keepers, also, may learn to perform their duties while facing the other way all the time, instead of, as now, with the intermittent purpose of exchanging pleasantries and black-market oranges with their critics and friends behind.

In which connection, I recall a picture-postcard purporting to represent the mayor of our village leaving our principal hôtel after a meeting called to pass the annual audit of parochial accounts; whereas, in point of fact, after being compelled to leave the Jug and Bottle department forwards, he was gathering steam to return to it backwards.

So, hail, Association Football. Aptly art thou named. Tallest on the right, shortest on the left.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Mr. T. F. L. Talbott's Holywell Cognac clearing the bar in the Juvenile Jumping class



Miss Sara Long's Shamus was also an excellent performer in the Juvenile Jumping

At the Princes Risborough Agricultural Show



Prizewinners in the Best Riding Horse class at this very popular Buckinghamshire show: Mrs. S. G. R. Barratt's Nomination, which won first prize; her Bayleaf, which was second, and Mrs. Digby Whitehead's Bright Sovereign, third



John Way on Mr. A. E. J. Way's Spotlight of Nairwood making very light work of a jump

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

PROBABLY no novelist exposed the inside of his working brain as completely as did Gustave Flaubert. The answer to "What does it feel like to be a writer?" has been furnished by him—at length, ruthlessly, freely, and with sometimes intimidating results. It was not that Flaubert, a stolid Norman of considerable reserve, went about giving information to all and sundry—what did happen was that, concurrently with the creation of his books, he wrote a series of amazing letters to two or three men who were his intimate friends, and to one woman with whom he was in love.

Many novelists (not unfairly, I think) claim a reprieve from the duties of letter-writing: outside working hours the very thought of putting pen to paper sickens them. And, when third-degreed at the dinner or cocktail party as to the intricacies of their work, they have to summon up all the good manners they have in order to stifle a weary sigh.

WITH Flaubert, there were reasons why that fatigue or reluctance should not operate. For one thing, he lived very much alone, with his lugubrious and somewhat painfully sensitive widowed mother and his infant niece, in a quiet house at Croisset, outside Rouen, overlooking the Seine. Had he had a kindred spirit on the premises, the letters might never have been written; as it was, they provided an overflow for the overpowering excitement which filled him while writing novels. Also, he was not for nothing a doctor's son, born in a wing of Rouen hospital, where his father was resident physician, and accustomed, as a small boy, to climbing up a trellis, on a wall of the hospital courtyard where he was allowed to play, in order to look in through the dissecting-room window.

His interest in the creative processes of his



Arcadian Incident from an old French ballet, Lully's "Armide"; one of the illustrations in *Ballet Then and Now*, by Deryck Lynham (Sylvan Press; £1 5s.). It is a comprehensive and finely-produced work on the history of European ballet from the Italian Renaissance onwards

"Flaubert and Madame Bovary"

"Agostino"

"The Labours of Hercules"

own brain was almost cold-bloodedly scientific; and he had no objection to post-morteming the results of his labours at the end of a day.

Francis Steegmuller has fully drawn on the letters for his *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* (Collins; 12s. 6d.). This fascinating book, American in origin, first appeared in this country in September 1939—not, we may assume, a propitious month. This new Collins edition is to be welcomed now—and should, I imagine, make a bid for attention. For the habit of reading books having gained on this nation, during the war years, a greater hold than it ever had before, interest in the writing of books is greater.

Even apart from that, Gustave Flaubert is a fascinating figure in his own right. The Anglo-Saxon impression of him might be that he was in some ways a somewhat un-French Frenchman. As to ancestry, he had much in common with us; he was the denizen of a region with a climate not unlike our own, apt to produce phlegmatic behaviour and in-turning, occasionally melancholy, thoughts.

As to his outward life, he might appear unadventurous: he was an unassailable bachelor, a model son; and he prided himself, to the exasperation of several of his friends, on an aggressively sturdy provinciality. His attitude to going to Paris was (unlike that of many young men of letters, who burn to "make" a capital city, either of their own country or another) that he, roughly speaking, did not mind if he did. He was disabused, independent, not easily dazzled.

BUT one is attracted to Flaubert most by his contradictions—his startlingly other side. He had been born in 1821; the susceptible years of his adolescence were to coincide with the crazy heights of the French Romantic movement—young persons declaimed poetry in the streets, swooned (or, in one extreme case, even committed suicide) during moving performances in the theatre, and conducted noisy guerrilla warfare against middle-class respectability in every form. Flaubert was anti-bourgeois with the best of them: he was bored by Rouen, got down by its complacent dullness, irritated by his parents' friends. But, at the same time, there was something always holding him back from the full Romantic cult of sensation for its own sake—he had become prey, after a year of studying law in Paris, to a terrifying nervous malady. Seizures, unpredictable in their onslaughts and followed by coma, terrified himself and his family and overshadowed years of his youth: the attacks were, it was established, not epileptic—that still seems all there is to be known. That illness, whose hallucinations Flaubert himself describes with devastating objectivity, was enough to keep the young man from trifling (as his contemporaries could afford to do) with his own nerves. Self-control and what he so often praised as "coldness" were essential.

Some sort of compensatory day-dream was, however, no less essential to him: the young Norman escaped, in imagination, from the drab realities of middle-class Rouen to the gorgeous East. On the subject of the East he developed what would now be called a fixation: his sensuousness, love of colour and feeling for violence at once added to and found outlet in

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN 1934 the Ink Spots came over to this country and appeared on the music-hall stage. They followed in the wake of the Mills Brothers, and although they did well enough, they went back to U.S.A. almost deciding to take up their old jobs, that of porters at the Paramount Theatre, New York. But . . . fortune swung the other way, and since they returned to the States they have made a tremendous name the world over. You will remember, I am sure, their versions of *I'll get by*, *Memory of you*, and *Whispering grass*. This time they sing *Is it a sin?* and *It's a sin to tell a lie*.

Their names are Herb Kenny, Billy Kenny, Charlie Faqua and Billy Bowen, and they are now playing at the London Casino. The gramophone company's foresight in signing them up exclusively for a long term has been fully justified. If you are an Ink Spot fan you will want these records (Brunswick 03653).

Robert Tredinnick.

the continuous picture he formed. His brain, too, contributed to this obsession about the East: he read widely. And, ever since seeing in Genoa Breughel's picture "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," he determined to write a book to that title.

HOW, then, did it happen that Flaubert's first published and still most famous novel was *Madame Bovary*—a story not only set in the middle-class Normandy from which his imagination had, shuddering, turned away, but having as its subject provinciality? This is exactly what Mr. Steegmuller, in *Flaubert and Madame Bovary*, sets out to tell. We have a study, here, of a man forcibly turning his imagination and vision upon an originally distasteful scene—and, in so doing, producing (before he was thirty-two) one of the masterpiece-novels of the world.

In Maxime du Camp and Louis Bouilhet, Flaubert was fortunate enough to have two friends who criticised his writing with ruthless candour. Upon his reading aloud to these two, at Croisset, the first draft of his *Temptation of Saint Anthony*, their comments were devastating. (Mr. Steegmuller's account of that awful evening is enough to make any young writer's blood turn sympathetically cold.) They accused him, to put it briefly, of splurging about: this came, they diagnosed, from his having gone on all out on a subject as to which he was obsessed.

The lesson was salutary—and it was supplemented by a brush with reality in quite a different form: Flaubert's love-affair with Louise Colet. The blonde poetess, superb physically but, as a poetess, decidedly second-rate, had been met at a party in Paris: the affair was a whirlwind. On one plane it was an ecstatic success—but against this worked not only an incurable discrepancy of character between the lovers, but a vital difference in outlook. This tragi-comedy has been dealt with, in detail, spiritedly and at length, by Mr. Steegmuller. My saying I find him over-harsh to poor Madame Colet need not, I think, be taken as a rallying to the defence of my own sex: infinitely tiresome she was—but, while it took her some time to wear down a man's patience, few women would have tolerated her for more than five minutes. All I do mean is, she seems a too-easy butt for Mr. Steegmuller's almost too able satire.

THAT from a woman's point of view Flaubert was impossible—tactless, ruthless, pre-occupied—he, it should be said, was the first to see. He made one early attempt to withdraw from the affair with Louise Colet, warning her that he would only make her unhappy (which he indeed did); and he refused to marry—an artist, he wrote in a letter to his mother (in reply to one from her, asking when he would

choose a bride), is "a monster," incapable of playing a normal human part in human relationships. . . . While he was still at work on *Madame Bovary*, the final, violent break with Louise came: the woman in the novel triumphed over her rival, the woman in real life. All the same, *Madame Bovary* is charged with the atmosphere of one kind of love: not a moment of Flaubert's own experience had not left its traces. Something of Louise went to the making of Emma Bovary. Yet, ultimately, Flaubert was to say, "*Bovary, c'est moi.*"

He cannot be called "a typical writer"—if, indeed, such a thing exists? He was rather a sort of magnificent exaggeration, or personification, of an element in every writer of note. In everything he did or was he was outsize. . . . *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* is not only an admirable book in itself; it serves as a fit introduction to Flaubert's works—which shortly are to be published, complete, in this country in English translation. *Madame Bovary*, up to now, has tended to be sought out for the wrong reasons: the Victorian idea that it is a "naughty" book takes long to die. Pre-eminently, it is a magnificent book; not eclipsed by (though also not eclipsing) its successors—*Salammbô*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, the revised *Saint Antoine*, the *Trois Contes* and the unfinished *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.

ITALY, up to now, has been poor in novels: for the emerging reputation of Alberto Moravia there is plenty of room. Several of Moravia's early works were suppressed under the Fascist regime; and his resolute anti-Germanism during the war made it necessary for him to go into hiding. It was in hiding that *Agostino* (now translated into English by Beryl de Zoete, and published by Secker and Warburg at 7s. 6d.) was written. This is a disagreeable, brilliant short novel (or long short story) about the disillusionments of a thirteen-year-old boy; who, first wounded then scandalised by his beautiful mother's seaside affair with a young man, takes up with a gang of juvenile toughs, who inform him exceedingly rudely as to the facts of life. The result is a few and equivocal attitude to his mother, and an attempt to experiment on his own.

Agostino is highly un-English, as you may gather: that some may not find it repulsive cannot guarantee. One might wish, too, that there are so few Italian novels we might have had as a sample one rather more all-round. At the same time, one cannot but concur with the publisher's opinion that Moravia is a novelist to be reckoned with. Miss de Zoete's translation has, one may feel sure, rendered very nuance of his style.

IT seemed too good to be true that Agatha Christie could be giving us another novel so soon. I confess to a faint shock of disappointment when I found *The Labours of Hercules* (Crime Club, Collins; 8s. 6d.) to be short stories—though stories linked to each other by a definite scheme. Our illustrious Hercule Poirot, struck by having the unusualness of his Christian name pointed out to him by a Fellow of All Souls, looks up the original Greek hero and decides to select his (Poirot's) next adventures in crime according to their resemblance to the twelve Labours of Hercules. We are, accordingly, given the twelve cases; of which the first is entitled "The Nemean Lion" and the last "The Capture of Cerberus."

Mrs. Christie's style is inevitably somewhat cramped by the episode-story form—I never think that, in spite of the classic example of *Sherlock Holmes*, this is a very good form for detective fiction. Characters have to be emphasised; clues stand out too clearly—though Mrs. Christie (at which one cannot be surprised) handles this form to the very best effect, taking one's breath away, at the end of each tale, by an unexpected twist. I still prefer her leisurely, subtle and well-mannered criminals in nice British homes: the dope-peddlars, fake mystics and international crooks who crop up in several of these stories seem subjects for cruder pens than hers. . . . The lost Pekinese episode, "The Lernean Hydra" and "The Girdle of Hyppolita" allow play, here, for her lovable sense of comedy.



Given her choice, Mary Ann would spend all day in the swimming-pool—



—but her big brothers find the lake, by the copse more interesting



A Family Group at Forty Hall, Enfield

Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, eldest daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, married Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, a relative of the Earl of Macclesfield, in 1939. She is seen here at their residence, Forty Hall, Enfield, with her three children, Andrew, aged seven, Simon, five, and two-year-old Mary Ann. Andrew and Simon were pages at the wedding of Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill last year

Swaebe



Davies — Wilson

Mr. A. V. Davies, son of the Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Davies, of St. Stephen's Vicarage, N.19, married Miss L. A. Wilson, daughter of Mr. G. N. Wilson, of Lower Runham, Kent, and Mrs. L. S. Wilson, 50a, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7



Stirling — Goldson

Mr. O. G. J. Stirling, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stirling, of Paisley, Scotland, married Miss M. H. Goldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Goldson, of Great Saughall, Chester, at All Saints' Church, Great Saughall



Spiller — Hall-Hall

Capt. R. L. Spiller, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Spiller, of Earley Lodge, Reading, married Miss D. M. Hall-Hall, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hall-Hall, of Windy Ridge, Yateley



Letcher — Baerselman

Capt. R. P. Letcher, Grenadier Guards, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Letcher, of Ringwood, Hants., and Miss P. Baerselman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Baerselman, also of Ringwood, Hants., who were married at the Priory, Christchurch

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Butler — Riedel

Mr. Walter Butler, son of the U.S. Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Robert E. Butler, and Mrs. Butler, married Miss Shirley Louise Riedel, of St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A., at St. Christopher's Church, Canberra, Australia



Cundell — Blew-Jones

Mr. F. L. Cundell, only son of the late Mr. F. W. H. Cundell and Mrs. Cundell, of Overtown, Wroughton, married Miss B. Blew-Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blew-Jones, of Alscott, Wootton Wawen, Warwickshire



Kenyon — Godfrey

Major John F. Kenyon, R.A., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. E. Kenyon, married Miss Jean Godfrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Godfrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Fox — Rees

The marriage took place at Tavistock of Mr. P. B. Fox, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. H. B. Fox, of Tavistock, and Miss P. J. Rees, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. T. Rees, also of Tavistock



Jones — Greenley

Mr. G. C. J. Jones, son of the late Mr. F. M. Jones and Mrs. Jones, of Dallington, Northampton, married Miss D. V. G. Greenley, daughter of Lt.-Col. W. A. Greenley, of 104, Eaton Place, S.W.1, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



Cobb — Farr

The marriage took place at Weston, Herts., of Mr. F. I. Cobb, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Cobb, of Newlyn, Sheffield, and Miss N. E. Farr, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Farr, of Weston Bury, Hitchin



LADY MARY BLANGER, beautiful wife of a well-known diplomat, is photographed arriving at Heath Row. She wears a Tescan coat for travelling because she knows it will look as fresh and lovely as herself at the end of the longest journey. Well-dressed women are enthusiastic about Tescan Beaver Lamb because its good looks last throughout its long life and because its rich texture and colour are so very becoming.

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AUTUMN VISTA



Joysmith

Tailored town coat, another Harella model in fine grey tweed with a well-defined waistline and a belted back

FASHION PAGE

by Winifred Lewis



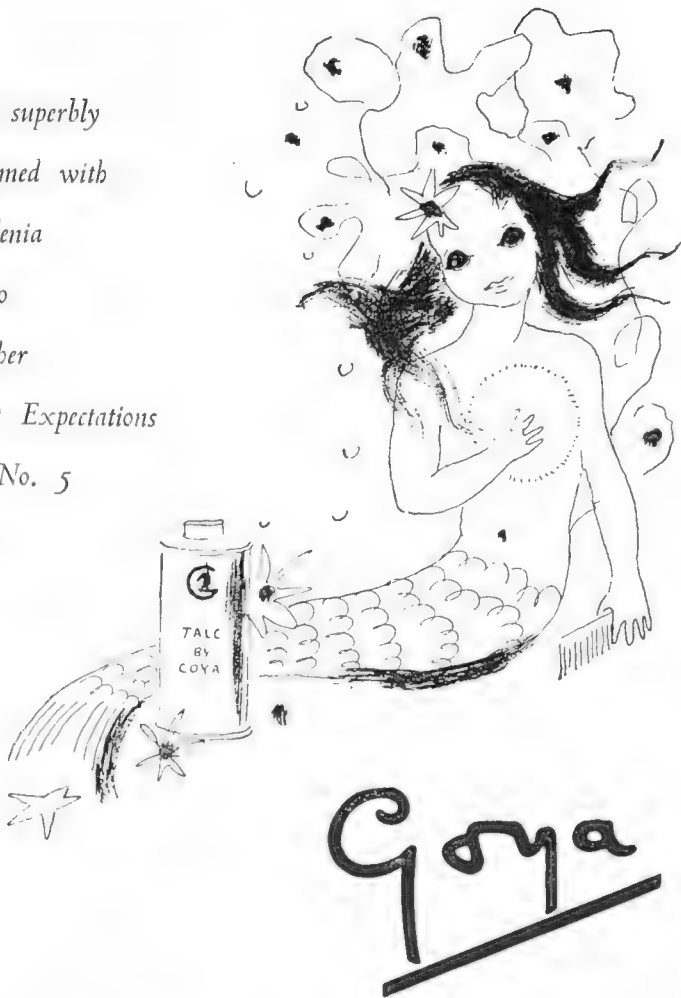
Peter Clark

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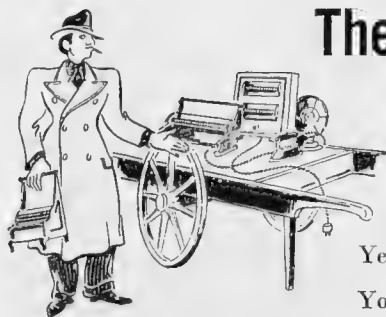


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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss V. L. Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bell of St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey, who is marrying this month Dr. Hans von Swol, of the Royal Netherlands Army, Amsterdam. Dr. van Swol is an international tennis player



Pearl Freeman

Miss Pauline Clare Johnston-Saint, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. P. Johnston-Saint, 34 Bryanston Court, W.1, who is being married this autumn to Mr. John Dahl Arup, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Arup of Hollow Lane House, Virginia Water, Surrey



Miss Marion Lettice Ffrench is being married in October to Mr. John Martin Bentley-Taylor, M.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bentley-Taylor, of Llanwye, Hereford. Miss Ffrench is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Kyrle Ffrench, of Greystone House, Winforton, Hereford



Parlip

Miss Joan Chrysogon Vaughan, only daughter of Brigadier E. W. D. Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, of Cirencester, who has become engaged to Mr. E. C. Marno, of Ewen, Cirencester, second son of the late Capt. C. L. V. Marno and of Mrs. Victor Engleheart, of Hadleigh, Suffolk

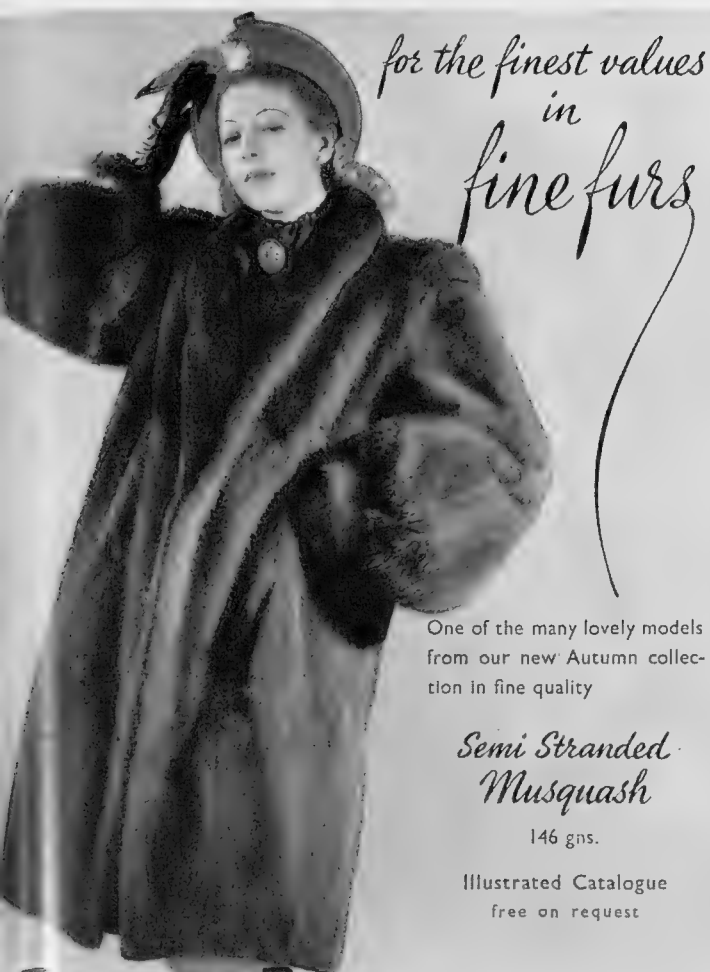


Miss J. D. Pringle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pringle, of the Old House, High Trees, Reigate, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. J. M. H. Gould, younger son of the late Mr. Aubrey Gould and of Mrs. Gould, Paignton, Devon



Bassano

Miss Celia Mary Waterkeyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alberic Waterkeyn, of Corby Castle, Carlisle, has announced her engagement to Mr. Philip M. Rambaut, D.S.O., of Grayling Hill, Great Corby, younger son of the late Dr. and Mrs. D. F. Rambaut



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

THE hopes of many people in the air transport business were dashed when the new restrictions on foreign travel were made known. I suppose that the air lines will now have to look for their passenger traffic to the business man and that dreadful creature—whom we hoped we had buried a short time ago—the V.I.P.

Even the business man will presumably have to prove that his journey is in "the best interests of the community" before he will be allowed to step into an aeroplane. As prigs are the only people who really believe that all their actions are in the interests of the community, air transport will, during the coming years, be serving prigs and V.I.P.s almost to the exclusion of everybody else.

Yet not long ago air transport was enormously encouraged by the statements of Mr. Ernest Bevin on the desirability of freeing foreign travel of all restrictions. It seems that economics are stronger than international aspirations.

Ultra-Lights Again

TO one branch of aviation the ban may be of assistance; the ultra-light branch. The owner of an aeroplane with an engine of more than seventy-five horse-power always wants to get out across the Channel; but the owner of an ultra-light aeroplane can be quite happy in this small island.

I have never personally flown what is now called an ultra-light aeroplane; but I imagine that they resemble in some respects those early aircraft, the Sopwith Pup and the Bristol Scout, both of them aircraft I flew a great deal. The Pup had eighty horse-power and performed much better than a modern ultra-light aircraft; but it had the same kind of wing loading and, I imagine, similar handling qualities.

Although I have flown many much higher powered aircraft, with much higher wing loadings, I have never tasted the pleasure of piloting so keenly as in a Pup. If the new ultra-lights give that kind of pleasure they can be assured of an immense following.



Lt. P. Twiss, who won the High-Speed Handicap race at the Cinque Ports meeting flying a Fairey Firefly IV, receiving the trophy from Mr. G. S. Lindgren, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation

Shows and Parties

MORE than seventy aircraft, each one with special features of interest, will be on show at the Society of Aircraft Constructors' Display at Radlett this week and at the Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party which follows it. In aviation Britain really has got something to sell. Some of the things we make in this country just now in huge quantities are of such poor quality and compare so unfavourably with like articles made abroad, that I always find it hard to believe the optimistic official statistics about the extent to which they are exported.

But in aviation it is different. Some of our turbojet engines have been able to prove that they are good in a most convincing manner. There are the Rolls-Royce Derwents and Nenes, and the de Havilland Goblins and Ghosts and now there is the Napier Naiad project and the Metropolitan-Vickers' Beryl axial flow turbojet. I had an opportunity of looking over the Naiad for

the first time the other day. And the Beryl has showing its paces in the new Saunders-Roe S.R. flying boat fighter. No one has yet sent me authentic details of the Beryl, although I have a the makers for them; but it seems to work.

Aerotrailer

I HAVE mentioned the S.R. A1 as being a British novelty. It is a most important development, may exercise a profound influence on air tactics, there is another British novelty, just as ingenious just as new though in the field of civil work instead of military; this is the Miles Aerotrailer.

The idea is so simple that one wonders why not thought of it before. An aircraft is made with the middle part of the body detachable. It takes the form of a huge packing case and is fitted at the centre of gravity of the machine with the nose, with the cockpit, instruments and controls in front of it, and a small detachable streamline tail behind.

When this middle part is detached, it can be fitted with a pair of wheels and a tow bar and is then transformed into a trailer which can be towed behind a motor car. The advantages are obvious and sectional. One can load up the trailer at, for example, a city warehouse; tow it to the nearest aerodrome, run it into position relative to the wings and nose of the aircraft, hoist it and secure it, detach wheels and tow bar, attach streamline tail and fly it to the aerodrome nearest the destination. At that aerodrome the process is reversed and the trailer is towed along the road to the house or office of the person to whom the goods are consigned.

Fitting wheels and tow bar takes only a few minutes and if the trailer balances on its wheels when loaded the centre of gravity is right for flight. No sooner said than done. The first news of this new Miles aircraft came out than a famous daily paper asked me on the telephone about using it for long distance deliveries. Miles have struck a winning idea here and I expect to see a big demand for the aerotrailer.

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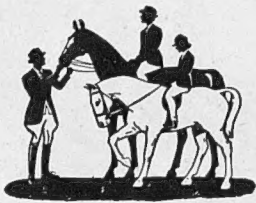
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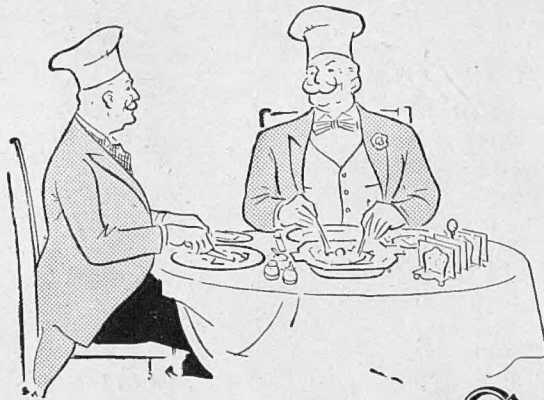
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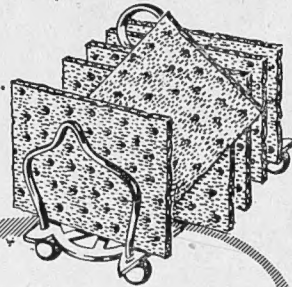


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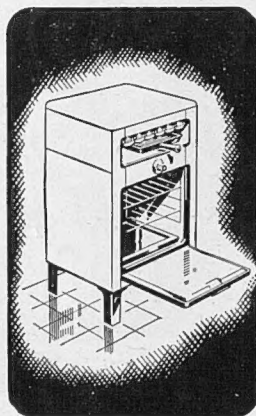
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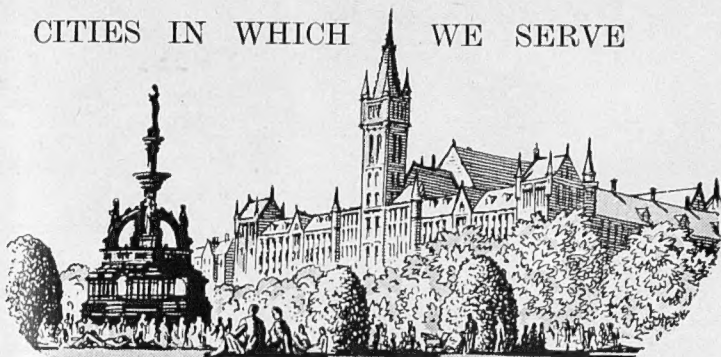
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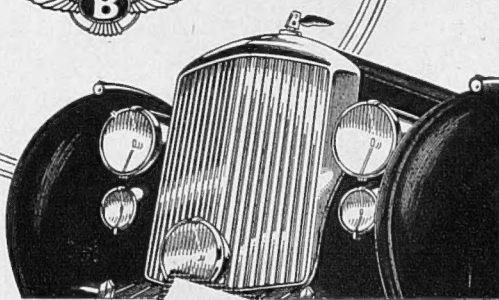
*The University, Glasgow*

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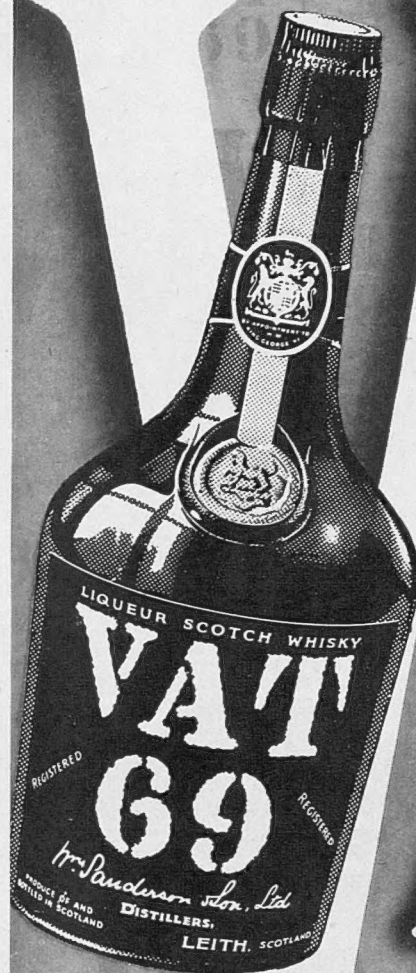
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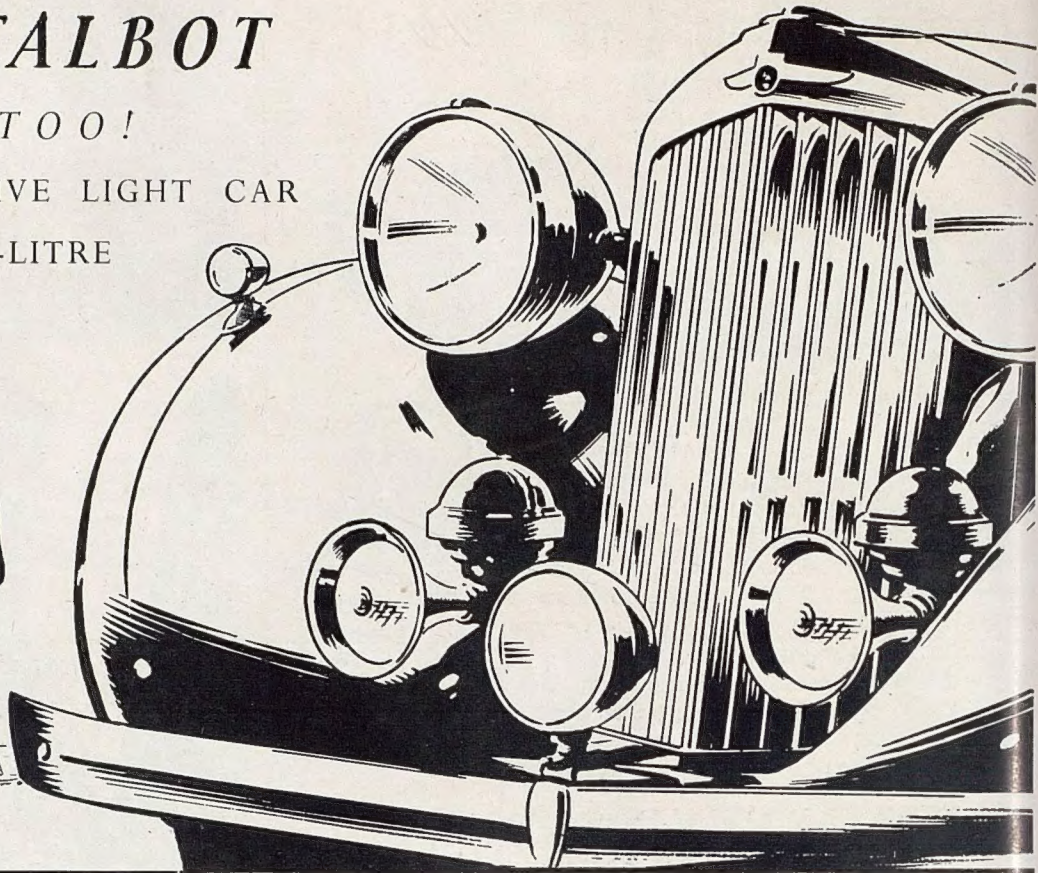
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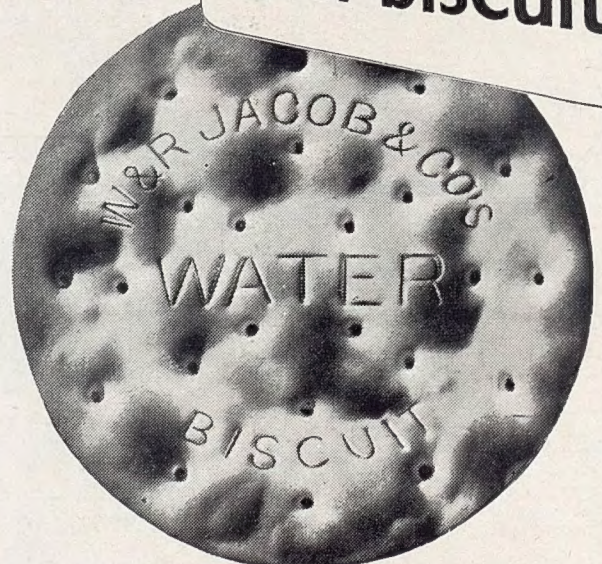
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